HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XXX.—No. 1557.
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1886.

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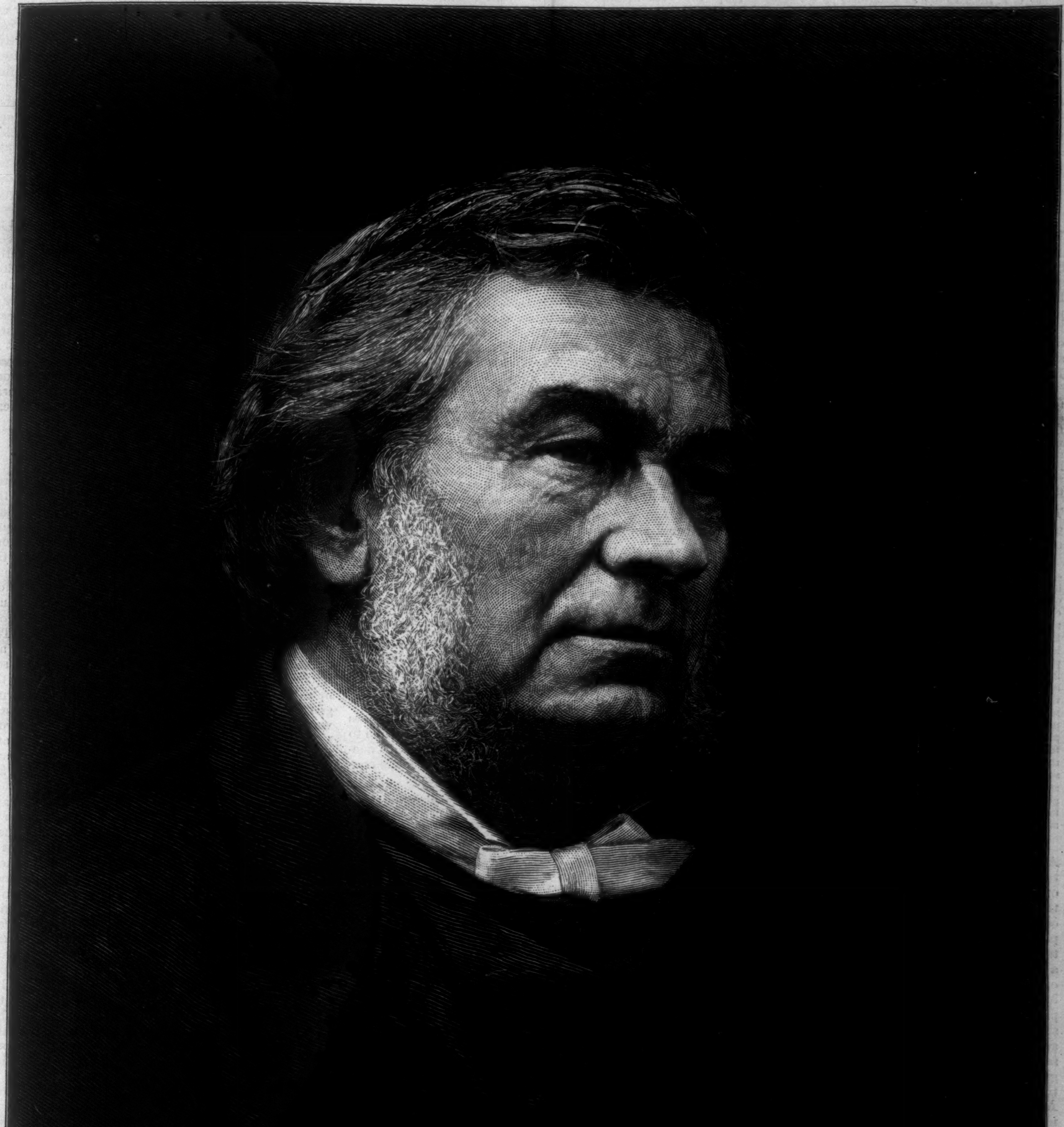

THE REV. WILLIAM M. TAYLOR, D.D., LL.D.—[See Page 683.]

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Although it always contains an instalment of a serial story, and sometimes of two, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE *is especially happy in its short stories. In the current number is one entitled "A Dead Letter," which for fantastic humor has seldom been equalled. The characteristic illustrations accompanying it are by* C. J. TAYLOR, *whose work in this line is well known.*

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1886.

A SIGNIFICANT ELECTION.

NO State election this year is more interesting than that in Massachusetts. The Republican party has nominated Mr. **OLIVER AMES** for Governor, and apparently for no reason but that he is rich. The Democratic party has nominated Mr. **ANDREW**, a Republican who supported Mr. **CLEVELAND**. Republican organs promptly said that he too was selected only because he was rich. This statement was instantly disposed of by a letter of Mr. **ANDREW** to Mr. **RICHARD H. DANA**, in which he said:

> "I am happy to reply that I have long thought that the extent to which money is used in political campaigns is very injurious, and that candidates for office should not be called upon to supply funds. The leaders of the Democratic party were informed of my views upon this subject before the Convention tendered me its nomination, and they recognized their entire propriety. They knew that money would not be furnished by me directly or indirectly for campaign purposes, and they perfectly understood that this is my fixed determination."

This is very characteristic and unmistakable. The general situation Mr. **ANDREW** describes in his letter of acceptance as follows:

> "Two years ago the Republican party, which for a quarter of a century had controlled the national government, was deprived of its power by the deliberate action of the people, because it sought only its own preservation, and stood for nothing but a political machine. Since then that party has shown an absolute unwillingness or incapacity to profit by the lesson of defeat, while the Democratic party has given the country an honest, able, and fearless Administration, satisfactory to the people, and has shown a progressive spirit ready to deal with the issues of the day. The intelligence of the nation, irrespective of political parties, heartily approves the earnest efforts of President **CLEVELAND** to divorce the civil service from politics, to reduce the tariff to the requirements of times of peace, to lessen the burden of taxation, and to prevent the coinage of a debased currency. These are the principles for which we contend, and Massachusetts, foremost in all reforms, is sure to give them her cordial support. I heartily endorse the principles declared in the platform of the Convention, and conscious of the great honor paid me, with a deep sense of the responsibility which it implies, I accept the nomination with the single pledge that if elected I will do my utmost to promote the best interests of all good citizens and the good government of the Commonwealth."

The Democratic nomination was not sought by Mr. **ANDREW**, and not only did he refuse to make any contest for it, but it was known that he would accept it only by a general desire, and only upon the condition that the platform of the Convention should be in accord with his known views. He was a strong supporter of the President's policy, the friend of a peace tariff, an early and proved civil service reformer, and a man of political courage and independence. If any organized body of his fellow-citizens wished him to be their candidate, with those views and without any pledges, he would not decline. These are the circumstances and conditions of his nomination, and it is not surprising that the Independent voters in Massachusetts—and nowhere are they a more earnest, intelligent, and efficient body of citizens—instantly and enthusiastically decided to support their associate, Mr. **ANDREW**. Certainly there was nothing in the nomination of Mr. **AMES** which was likely to attract Independent Republicans and others who have seen the decline of the old Republican spirit and character, of which the **AMES** nomination was a further proof. Three years ago Colonel **CODMAN** was President of the enthusiastic Republican Convention that nominated Mr. **ROBINSON** against General **BUTLER**, and never was the General's political course more scathingly exposed than by Colonel **CODMAN** on that occasion. This year Colonel **CODMAN** is one of the Independent leaders who declare for Mr. **ANDREW** as against Mr. **AMES**, and for the same general reasons of political honesty and progressive politics that led him to sustain **ROBINSON** as against **BUTLER**.

Massachusetts is a Republican State, the State of the Conscience Whigs of forty years ago, of the anti-slavery impulse and movement, the State of **ADAMS**, of **ANDREW**, and of **SUMNER**. It is a State, therefore, in which conscientious conviction and intelligent independence play an essential part in politics. The first emphatic Republican and Independent protest against the nomination of Mr. **BLAINE** came from Massachusetts, as promptly as the report follows the flash. It was the protest of the old Republican conscience and purpose against a fatal tendency. That it was made in vain, so far as the Massachusetts party machine is concerned, is shown by the Republican nomination of this year. But that it spoke for a strong feeling in the party we do not doubt, and instead of carrying the State by a vast majority, the Republicans under their present control can expect to carry it, if at all, only after a sharp contest. In 1884 the vote in Massachusetts was, for **BLAINE**, 146,724; for **CLEVELAND**, 122,352; for **BUTLER**, 24,382; for **ST. JOHN**, 9925. This made **BLAINE**'s plurality 24,372, which is exactly ten votes less than **BUTLER**'s total, and if the **BUTLER** vote had been cast for **CLEVELAND**, it would have given **CLEVELAND** just ten more votes than **BLAINE**. The **BUTLER** vote would be thrown, probably, under ordinary circumstances, for the Democratic candidate. It was, however, an assistant Republican vote in 1884, aiming at the defeat of **CLEVELAND**, and for the same reason that it opposed **CLEVELAND** it will be partly cast against **ANDREW**. The Republican vote that went to **CLEVELAND** in 1884 will go generally to **ANDREW** this year. The general Republican vote will be diminished by apathy. Disgust with the party action will lead some Republicans to vote for **ANDREW**, while not only is the Democratic falling off in off years less than the Republican, but this year the fair "fighting chance" will naturally make it larger. There will be the usual Prohibition diversion, but, excepting that, the total vote of the State will be thrown between the two great parties, and it is obvious that Mr. **ANDREW**'s election would not be surprising. No personal attack can be made upon him. His sincerity and courage in refusing to support Mr. **BLAINE** are unassailable, and his acceptance of the Democratic nomination, under the circumstances that we have described, is in accordance with his position. The Democratic party is denounced as insincere for nominating so good a candidate. But if Republican sincerity is proved by the nomination of bad candidates, the Republican prospect is not improved. No Republican would assert that any interest of the State or of the country would suffer by Mr. **ANDREW**'s election, while nationally his election would show that Massachusetts approves the honest purpose and political courage of President **CLEVELAND**.

THE MACHINE.

THE *Civil Service Reformer*, which is published in Baltimore, takes an active and fearless part in the discussion of local politics in Maryland and Baltimore, which it treats from a thoroughly honest and independent point. In a striking article in the October issue upon "The Machine and Machines," the *Reformer* says that in Maryland the Democratic machine is now practically the party, and that it does not hesitate to declare openly that it will continue to be the party "so long as the registration can be doctored, the ballot-box stuffed, and the count made conformable." The *Reformer* proceeds to say:

> "When it is considered that absolute political power in the State is wielded as we have described, and that among all the men who wield it there is not a single one conspicuous for either ability, or intelligence, or meritorious and disinterested public service, or honorable ambition, or any gift or quality that wins the love or commands the respect or earns the confidence or gratitude of a community, we find ourselves face to face with a problem none the less bewildering because it has ceased from familiarity to startle us."

The *Reformer* explains that it is not as a party organization, which no practical man will consent to forego, that it denounces the machine, but that in Maryland, under pretext of organizing the Democratic party for victory over the Republican, the machine has merely organized a body of camp-followers to plunder its own.

The general description, however, applies to the machines of both parties everywhere. The New York *World* recently published a list of "the city bosses"—the names of the three great party committees of the city, the Republican, the County Democratic, and the Tammany. To read them, and to read the names of the active party leaders in the city eighty years ago, is to perceive how entirely the system of party management has changed. Upon the three committees almost all the names are those of small place-holders or place-seekers, and there is scarcely the name of a citizen who is publicly known except as a small politician. Well-known, conspicuous, and representative citizens are wholly absent. The body of the committees, as a body and with a few individual exceptions, are leaders in politics of no political principle whatever, as their conduct proves. Yet they are the managers whose action is the "regular" action of the party, which all members of the party must support under pain of losing all chance of political preferment. These are the men whose favor nominates, without whose favor there is no chance, and whose favor is bought with a price. These are the men whose nominations, made for their own purposes, intelligent and honorable members of the party are called upon to sustain, and these same intelligent and honorable members denounce other honest men, who refuse to be led by the nose by such leaders, as traitors and renegades. Party government, which we are told on all sides is absolutely indispensable in a free country, has come to be government by these men. The painful spectacle, which has been too frequent of late years, of generous and high-minded young men, with a noble ambition to serve the state, beginning with brave honesty and independence, and gradually sinking into abject subserviency to unprincipled political hucksters, is explained by the facts that we state, and which the *Reformer* truly says present a bewildering problem.

The machine, as we said, is composed generally of placemen and of place-seekers. Its strength and cohesion lie in the power of patronage. In other words, it maintains itself out of the public treasury in two ways—by the direct emoluments of place, and by the indirect opportunities of contract and employment. Men like **FLYNN** put their creatures into place, and these creatures in turn open to their masters the opportunity of public plunder in the form of supplies and work. It is a system which in Maryland puts Mr. **GORMAN** in the place of **WILLIAM PINKNEY** and **REVERDY JOHNSON**, and which necessarily degrades party standards and political morality. The beginning of its correction lies in destroying favoritism and personal service as the ground of appointment to public employment, and substituting for it proved merit. The President's order to office-holders, strictly enforced, would be one great step toward the solution of the problem, and we suggest to those who think a machine of some kind to be indispensable in practical politics that the only way in which they can keep it in order is to defeat its nominations when they are unfit. If a machine be unavoidable, let it be a servant, not a master; and let no man suppose, because organization is essential to effective action, that therefore such machines as those in New York, Massachusetts, and Maryland are essential to efficient organization.

DRAM-DRINKING.

THE Osage City *Free Press*, in Kansas, has prepared a table which is interesting as an illustration of the various pretexts under which liquor is sold in a State where the law is very stringent, and of the extraordinary zeal and diligence with which the prohibitory movement is prosecuted. The Kansas law makes the buyer of liquor the judge of its necessity, and whatever may be his plea, there is no one legally authorized to prevent the sale when he has stated the cause for which he wishes the liquor. The *Free Press* confines its inquiry to the month of June, 1886. The population of Osage County is 25,839, and there are nineteen druggists in the county authorized to sell liquor. They reported 2812 sales of liquor during the month. The lowest number made by any one druggist was 23, and the highest number was 516. There were 315 different purposes declared, ranging from 1 for "wiskey broth for congestion of the brain," and 1 for "spinal trouble," and 1 for "lame back," and many other ones, up to 270 for "indigestion," and 257 for "biliousness."

As to liquors preferred, there were 2154 bottles and 788 quarts of beer sold, 622 pints and 244 ounces of whiskey, and 388 pints and 78 ounces of alcohol. There were but 15 pints and 12 ounces of wine, 2½ ounces of sherry wine, 20 ounces and 10½ pints of port-wine, 1 pint of Holland gin, 31 pints and 6 ounces of common gin, 51 pints and 45 ounces of brandy. The greater number of alleged diseases and troubles for which liquor was sold are those for which no intelligent physician prescribes liquor, and they are obviously merely excuses for obtaining a drink. In some States where prohibitory or restrictive liquor laws have been passed there are social clubs established, with a liberal admission fee, and liquor is furnished free to the members. The "striped pig" appeared with the first restrictive law, and the progeny of that pig is multiform. But evasions of the law, however ingenious, do not prove that restrictive laws are useless. It is a common sneer that men cannot be made virtuous by an act of Congress. But a stigma can be thrown upon a traffic by law combined with public opinion, and this is the effect of the restrictive liquor laws. The consequences of such a stigma are great and valuable. To make dram-drinking difficult and discreditable is to save many a youth from drunkenness and disgrace.

It is this practical benefit, not virtue by act of Congress, which a stringent restrictive law promotes. It deprives dram-drinking of all its ease and glamour, and it is because of the actual and important effect of such laws upon the traffic that the liquor interest has entered politics, and seeks to control parties for its own ends. Here it is a common enemy. Its object is not Republican or Democratic, but to use both Republican and Democratic votes to protect itself and increase its power. The Legislature may elect either a Republican or a Democratic Senator, and the saloon will not care. But it does care that the same Legislature should not pass laws unfriendly to what Mr. Shook holds to be the just rights of the saloon. The overthrow of this malign power is a public duty, whatever may be a man's view of prohibition. The present agitation will be undoubtedly of great public service, and in many districts it will certainly amaze politicians who neglect it as the wild whim of foolish fanatics.

FOR MAYOR.

The nomination of Mr. Hewitt for Mayor of New York was so good, and from Tammany Hall so ludicrously unexpected, while the office of Mayor is so essentially non-political, that the course for the Republicans to pursue was to recognize the situation and refrain from making a nomination. It is true Mr. Hewitt's nomination was partisan, but its general acceptance by the opposing party would have justified him when elected in disregarding mere partisan appeal. He is undoubtedly a strong partisan, but he is a perfectly upright and sagacious man, and he knows that partisanship in municipal government is not consonant with the most effective administration.

And he is, moreover, a very strong friend of civil service reform. In reply to letters from the Reform Association when nominated for Congress, Mr. Hewitt declared himself upon the subject in a most earnest and positive manner. There is no reason to doubt that the reform system instituted by Mayor Grace would be faithfully enforced by Mayor Hewitt, but the common support of both parties would have made the enforcement easier. The situation is now such that as the election of the Republican candidate is highly improbable, many Republicans who desire to make sure the election of Mr. Hewitt as against Mr. George by an emphatic majority will vote for Mr. Hewitt with the most friendly feeling for Mr. Roosevelt.

Mr. George's speeches, as reported, are a grievous surprise to many who had held a very different estimate of him from that which his speeches justify, and they must necessarily alienate from him the support of the great body of intelligent citizens.

CHANGES IN THE PUBLIC SERVICE.

The very valuable statement of the number of appointments and removals in the national service published in the *Civil Service Record*, issued in Boston, is a striking proof of the fidelity with which the reform law has been observed in the departments at Washington. There are in the classified service—that is, the service to which the reform law and rules apply—about 13,913 places, of which 5650 are in the Washington departments. In these places the whole number of removals to June 16 (and there have been very few since) is 368, or about one in fifteen. In some departments, as in the Post-office and War departments, the record of reasons is kept, and the reasons are satisfactory. In the Interior Department the aggregate removals and resignations are about thirty per cent., promotions fourteen per cent., and deaths one per cent. The appointments are about forty-two per cent. This is very far from the clean sweep which was predicted, and which is even now often alleged to have taken place, and the facts attest the good faith of the President in his pledge to enforce the reform law.

In the range of office beyond the classified service, and especially in the Post-office, the proportion of changes is very much greater. About half of the postmasters have been changed, and the changes have been about sixty-six per cent. in the Department of Justice. Certain bureaus, notably the Indian Bureau, have been treated much in the old way, and in Indiana, Maryland, and elsewhere there has been much that is irreconcilable with sound principles of administration. On the other hand, again, in the Foreign Department the changes have been proportionally much fewer under a party change of administration than under a new administration of the same party. The Democratic Mr. Bayard has made a change of forty-four per cent. among his party opponents in fifteen months; the Republican Mr. Blaine made a change of eighteen per cent. among his party friends in four months.

No fair man who considers these facts as illustrating the general treatment of the civil service under this Administration will deny that it has observed much more faithfully the principles of reform than any Administration since that of John Quincy Adams. Under what other modern Administration, in its second year, have half the places in the civil service been held by the opposite party? This is not absolute reform, indeed, but it is a great practical advance made in a year and a half by an Administration which is denounced by Republican partisans, who practically excluded their opponents from place for twenty-five years, as false to reform; and it will greatly commend that Administration to many Republicans who honestly thought that Mr. Cleveland would be unable, even if he desired, to withstand the pressure of his party. He is proving the truth of what President Hayes said: He serves his party best who serves his country most.

A BOURBON VICTORY.

The Democrats of the Louisville district in Kentucky, under the lead of that genuine old Kentucky Bourbon Democrat the *Courier-Journal*, have defeated the renomination of Mr. Willis to Congress, because he recommended the retention of an efficient postmistress at Louisville whose political views were Republican. There was no complaint that there was any "offensive partisanship" in the management of the office, but the lady's views were not of the orthodox Bourbon type, and Mr. Willis proved himself to be no Bourbon in asking that a good public servant should be retained.

This is another Democratic blow at reform, and like Mr. Cox, of North Carolina, Mr. Willis pays the penalty of his fidelity to the good cause. He has been a very efficient representative, and an able advocate of reform, whose interests in Congress will greatly suffer by his absence. The contest in Louisville was very warm, and the result draws the line more definitely between the Democratic Bourbons and reformers.

MORE PHARISEEISM.

It is announced that "the National Anti-saloon Republican Committee has adopted a resolution asking all Republicans everywhere to work and vote against the nomination or election of any saloon-keeper to any office." This is undoubtedly the way to compel Republican caucuses and conventions to overthrow the power of the saloon in Republican politics. But it is sheer Mugwumpery, for it advises voting against unfit candidates. We trust that Senators Frye and Blair and their associates upon the committee are fully aware that by this action they subject themselves to the awful fate of being denounced as Pharisees and holier-than-thou men.

THE BULGARIAN CRISIS.

The result of the Bulgarian dispute is still obscure. But the declaration of Austria and of England seems to show that actual Russian interference in Bulgaria would be resisted. It is doubtful whether Russia is ready to begin a general war in furtherance of her fixed purpose to cross the Balkans, so that the probable conclusion of the matter will be the removal of Alexander, that is, of a Prince of Bulgaria who was distasteful to Russia. What Russia desires in Bulgaria is a Prince whom it can control. But under the Treaty of Berlin it cannot be certain of securing such a Prince.

The Treaty of Berlin constitutes Bulgaria a self-governing principality, under the suzerainty of the Sultan, but with a Christian government and a national militia. Bulgarian independence is guaranteed by the great powers, which have the right of ratifying the choice of the reigning Prince. But the organic law is placed in the control of an Assembly of Notables. This scheme is not the basis of an actual independent state, for it is the arrangement of the great powers among themselves to prevent any one of them from acquiring an undue ascendency in the country.

The social condition of Bulgaria was set forth a few years since in Mr. Gladstone's pamphlets, and it has not essentially changed because of the Treaty of Berlin. So long as the designs of Russia are unaccomplished, the country must be the seat of intrigues and efforts like those of General Kaulbars, the present special Russian envoy. Should Russia, as General Kaulbars intimates, refuse to acknowledge the authority of the Bulgarian Assembly to elect a Prince, the crisis, in the language of diplomacy, might easily become "acute"; and we observe that Mr. Cox, our Minister at Constantinople, anticipates war at any moment.

STEALING CLOTHES.

Lord Randolph Churchill has shown either that his party has no principles and no policy, or that he is not a party leader. His sudden importance as a political figure is one of the extraordinary incidents of the moment, and the practical substitution of a flippant and blackguard youth for one of the most distinguished in the long list of British Prime-Ministers is an amazing spectacle. Mr. Smalley, the correspondent of the *Tribune*, who has been long resident in England, and who is a close and experienced political observer, says that Lord Randolph Churchill has taken the leadership of the Tory party out of Lord Salisbury's hands, and he adds that the party adopts as its own the total change of front which Lord Randolph Churchill announces.

One of the capital caricatures of Disraeli represents him as stealing the clothes of the Whigs while they were bathing. Disraeli has been always the model of Lord Randolph, and he now gravely declares the measures of the Liberal party to be the Tory policy, excepting the Irish home rule scheme of Mr. Gladstone, and for that he proposes to submit a home rule scheme of his own. There has been no more grotesque demonstration than this performance of Lord Randolph that in the game of party "naught is everything and everything is naught." It has been hitherto impossible to take him any more seriously than Disraeli. Everybody felt that Disraeli was merely an actor, and it has been the general feeling that Lord Randolph is a harlequin.

But this view must change if his declaration be accepted by his party, because that would show both his sagacity and his power—his sagacity in justly apprehending the situation, and his power in compelling his party to follow him. He is apparently aware that he and his Tory friends are in office, not because the country prefers Toryism to Liberalism, but because it did not like one Liberal measure. He sees, what is evident enough, that the general sentiment of England in ordinary times is Liberal and not Tory, and finding himself and his party fortuitously in office, he adopts the Liberal policy as that of the country, and then virtually says that on all questions but that of Ireland the Tory government represents national opinion as well as a Liberal government, while on the Irish question the country trusts the Tories more than the Liberals. The real sentiment of the country, therefore, he holds, can be best carried out by the Tory government. This is perfectly unprincipled conduct, but it is plausible, and it may succeed if the country can make up its mind to trust Tories to do the work of Liberals. The vice of Lord Randolph's manœuvre is his forgetfulness that party tradition, spirit, and character are very strong, and that the reasons which produce parties prevent a sudden change of party feeling and action. But his game is daring and interesting.

PERSONAL.

General Lew Wallace, whose *Ben Hur* has had a wider circulation and a greater success than any other religious book produced in this generation, has given to a contributor to the Detroit *Journal* some interesting reminiscences. He had completed, he says, the first part of *Ben Hur*, which carries the story down to the birth of Christ, when he chanced to meet Colonel Ingersoll. At that time the General did not trouble himself to inquire into the truth of religious doctrines, but Ingersoll's talk determined him to investigate and decide for himself as to the divinity of Christ. For five years he studied the life of Christ and the history and customs of Judea and the Jews. He had gone but a few steps when he came to the conclusion that Christ was divine. When *Ben Hur* was completed he went to the Holy Land, and spent months in visiting every place referred to, in order to verify his work. Not one word required to be changed.

—President Dwight, of Yale College, tells his students that his chief ambition is to be of service to them, and that the blessing of his life is to do good to them. He hopes that they will go to him whenever he can assist them.

—Mr. Justice Field, of the United States Supreme Court, wants Mr. W. W. Story to make a bust of Washington, from the Houdon life cast, for the National Museum. Mr. Field is satisfied that most of the existing portraits of Washington do him injustice.

—An extremely remarkable exhibition of magnificent portraits is now to be seen at the American Art Association Rooms, 6 East Twenty-third Street. The collection comprises fifteen paintings, being the entire set of the famous Sharples portraits (thirteen in number), and two superb works by Middleton, which are loaned by their English owners for a visit to this country under the care of of Major James Walter. Here is the only existing portrait of Mary the mother of Washington, which amply justifies the remark made by her son that "she was the most beautiful woman he ever beheld." Surrounding her is a galaxy of female beauties of her day. Robert Fulton is here shown in his only portrait, side by side with his wife and Mrs. Hamilton. There are also portraits of Priestley, Chief Justice Marshall, Patrick Henry's daughter, and Mary Phillipse (Washington's early love). Emerson said of three of the collection that he would willingly cross the Atlantic to see them. The exhibition closes on October 23.

—Ex-President Porter, of Yale College, has been spending several months in Europe, visiting the principal cities of England, France, and Germany, and seeking in change of scene that perfect rest which this country does not offer to her foremost citizens.

—Mr. Oswald Ottendorfer and his late wife have been liberal benefactors of the Free Circulating Library, and now the latter's daughter, Mrs. C. F. Worischoffer, contributes $10,000 to its funds.

—The damage done by the earthquake to St. Michael's Church in Charleston, South Carolina, turns out to be greater than was at first supposed. The rector, Rev. Dr. Trassier, writes to Harper's Weekly that the steeple alohe is uninjured, the body of the church being a wreck. It will be necessary to rebuild almost entirely, and at a cost that at present cannot be estimated.

—In a society drama like *A Wife's Peril* Mrs. Langtry now appears to advantage. Time and study have ripened her artistic capacities, and she pleases the imagination as well as the eye.

—The monument which his friends have erected, at a cost of $2500, over the grave of the late Commander H. H. Gorringe is appropriately designed after the Egyptian obelisk which his engineering skill brought from the banks of the Nile. It commemorates a brave, noble, and scholarly man, whose death was a national loss.

—"For several months," said an invalid man of letters, "we have had weekly a dry northeast wind—a nor'easter without rain—and I do not remember another season like this one. What are we coming to?".

—Minister S. S. Cox publicly expresses his thanks to General Lew Wallace, through whom the way was well paved for him at Constantinople.

—Mr. John G. Whittier is at work arranging and collating all the various letters and documents of historical interest which he has collected during his lifetime.

—The Algonquin Club, the latest and soon to be the largest Boston club, is to provide its members with a *table d'hôte* breakfast after November sets in.

—"Was she his wife?" asked a married woman of an acquaintance. "Yes. Why do you ask?" "Because they were so jolly together. You don't often see married people so jolly together in public, you know."

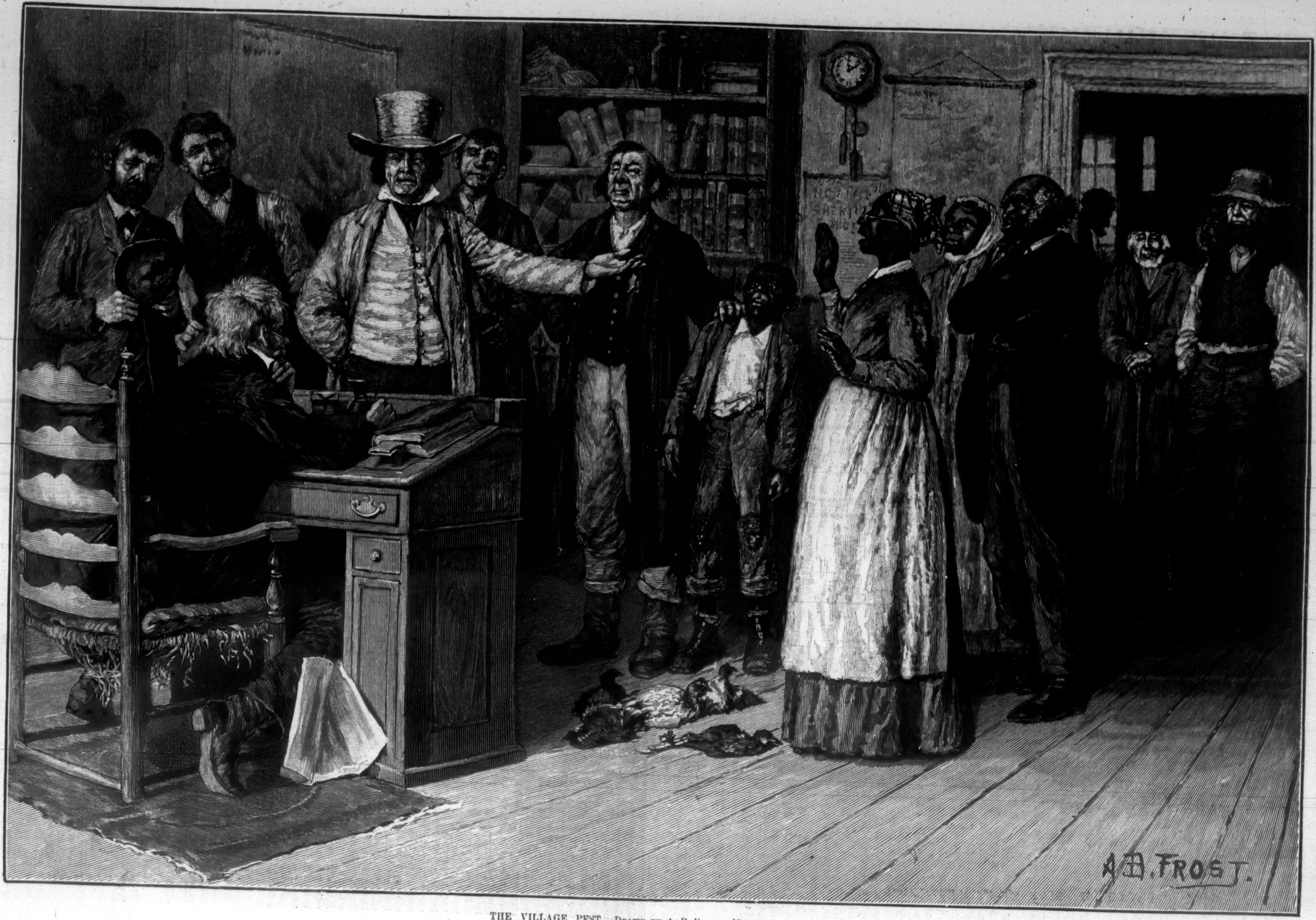
—Samuel Boyd, editor of the Panama *Star and Herald*, now in San Francisco, believes that the canal will be finished in 1892. He declares that the next three years will be devoted mainly to the great Culebra cut. Not long ago Mr. Boyd had a disagreeable experience of the uncertainty of journalism on the Isthmus. His paper was suppressed for several weeks because he criticised the Colombian authorities for failing to protect foreigners during the riots at Colon.

—Dr. James R. Chadwick, who was delegated to represent Harvard University at the recent festivities at Heidelberg, tells a story of the "republican austerity" which he was supposed to illustrate. For while other delegates presented their credentials emblazoned upon parchment and enclosed in cases of velvet and gilt, all that he had to offer was an informal note written on a half-sheet of paper by President Eliot, and bearing date at his summer residence on Mount Desert.

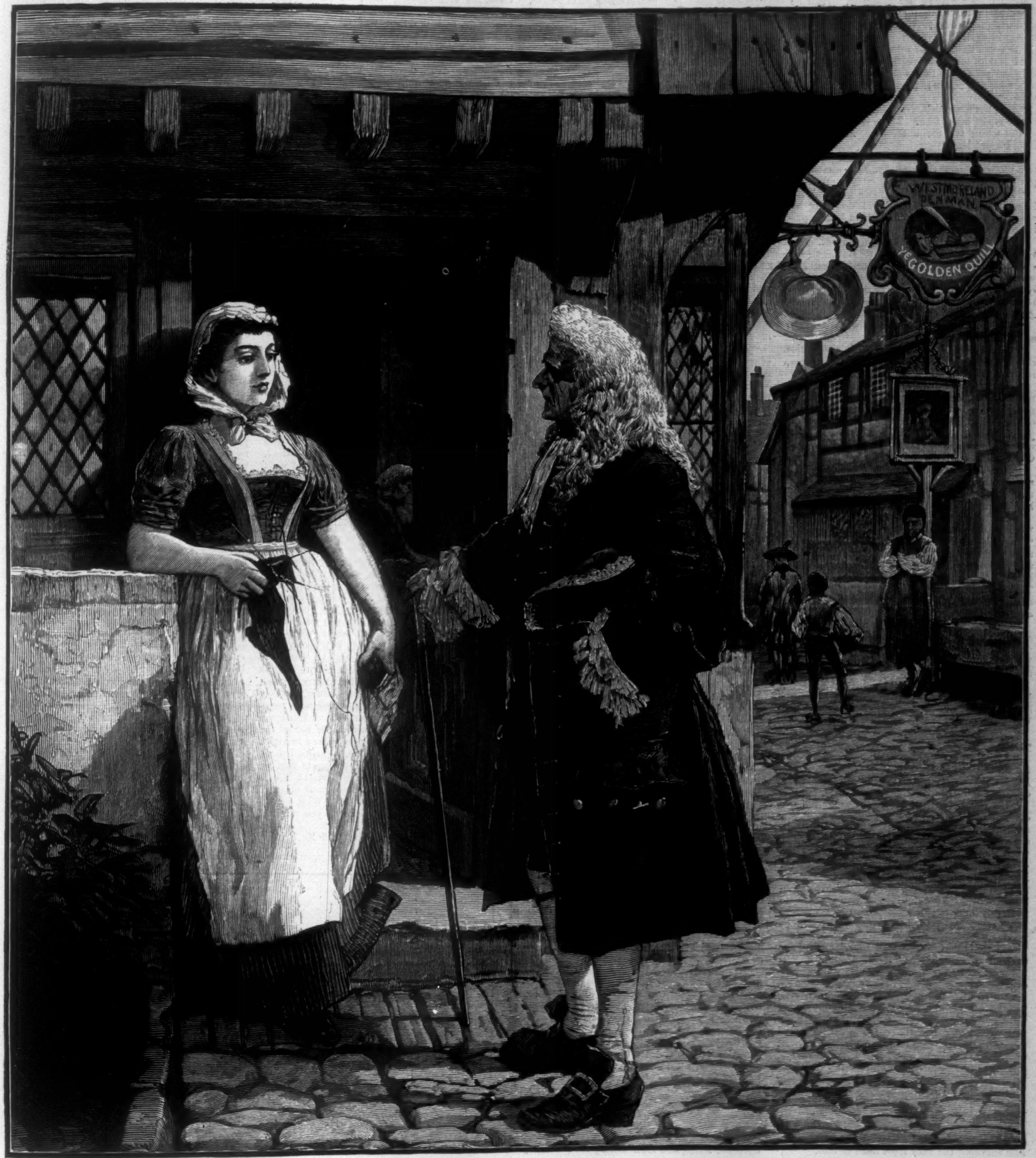
—Mr. James C. Flood, the mining millionaire, will soon move into his new and costly residence on "Nob Hill," San Francisco. The house is notable as the only structure in that city faced entirely with Connecticut brown stone. The wall about the large lot is also of brown stone, with an artistic fence of bronze. The architect is Augustus Lauer, who drew the plans of the New York State Capitol, and most of the decoration was by New York designers. The total cost will not be less than $2,500,000.

—On arriving at Louisville, Kentucky, a Northern traveller observed that the railway depot was less commodious and convenient than some structures he had seen elsewhere. "Certainly," replied a Kentuckian; "after you have been in Louisville a few days you will find that our guests scarcely see the inside of a depot or a hotel. We take care of them ourselves. And besides, we are a go-as-you-please sort of people down here."

—No neighborhood in any other American city can show such a collection of elegant residences as is to be found within a radius of five blocks on what is known as "the North Side" in Chicago. Beginning on Pine Street, near Erie, is the marble house erected by the late Perry H. Smith, and on the next block stands the great brown-stone mansion of Cyrus H. McCormick, inventor of the reaper which bears his name. Opposite the Smith mansion is the $250,000 one of George Sturges, the banker, and a block east S. M. Nickerson, president of the First National Bank, has a home where not only are the walls and floors of marble, but the ceilings are marble set in oak frames. R. R. Cable, of the Rock Island road, lives diagonally across the street from Mr. Nickerson, and to the south is the residence of Judge Tree, United States Minister to Belgium, which cost $400,000. The Farwell brothers, dry-goods men, have houses near by which cost a quarter of a million apiece, and Potter Palmer, hotel proprietor and capitalist, overshadows them all with a brown-stone castle on the lake shore which cost $1,000,000.



THE VILLAGE PEST.—Drawn by A. B. Frost.—[See Page 690.]



"MR. BRINJES SURVEYED HER CRITICALLY. THEN HE SIGHED AND SAID, 'THOU ART, I SWEAR, BESS, FIT FOR THE GODS THEMSELVES!'"

THE WORLD WENT VERY WELL THEN.*

By WALTER BESANT,

Author of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," "The Chaplain of the Fleet," "So They Were Married," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXVI.

HOW MR. BRINJES EXERCISED HIS POWERS.

It was on Saturday, the last day of June, in the year of grace 1760 (our Lieutenant having then been away at sea two years and a half), and on the stroke of seven, that Mr. Brinjes sallied forth from his shop. He was dressed—being now on his way to the Club at the Sir John Falstaff—in his black velvet coat with lace ruffles; he carried his laced hat under his arm, and had upon his head his vast wig, whose threatening foretop, majestic with depending knots, before and behind the shoulders, proclaimed his calling. In his hand he bore his gold-headed stick (not the famous skull-stick); his stockings, which in the morning were of gray woollen, knitted by the hands of Bess, were now of white silk; and his shoes were adorned with silver buckles. He was no longer Apothecary to the scum of Deptford: he was in appearance a grave and learned Physician. Yet, if one looked more closely, it might be discerned that the wig was ill dressed; the ruffles at his wrist torn; that one or two of the silver buttons had fallen from his coat sleeves; that his stockings were splashed a little, and there was a rent in one; and that his shoes were only smeared, not brightened. These, however, were defects which Mr. Brinjes did not heed. It was enough for him to possess and to wear a coat and a wig which became the company which met at the Sir John Falstaff.

He stood awhile looking up and down the street, first casting his eye upward to note the weather—a thing which no one who has been a sailor neglects, whether he goes upon deck or leaves the house. The sky was clear, the wind southerly, and the now declining sun shone upon the houses, so that, though mean and low, they glowed in splendor, and the Apothecary's silver pestle showed as if it were of pure solid silver, and the Penman's golden quill as if it were indeed of burnished gold, and the Barber's brass vessels across the way, catching the sun by reflection, shone as if they too were of gold; while the diamond panes of the upper lattice windows were all on fire, and one's eyes could not brook to gaze upon them; the red tiles of the gables, though they were overgrown with moss, seemed as if they had newly left the potter's hands; and the timber-work of the house fronts was like unto black marble or porphyry. No painting was ever more splendid than those mean houses under the summer evening's sunlight. At the Barber's door there arose a curious cloud, which produced an effect as of a white mist rising from the ground. It was, however, nothing but one of the 'prentices flouring the vicar's wig for Sunday. Lower down the street there was leaning against a post the tall form of Aaron Fletcher. He had nothing now in his appearance of the gallant privateer, being dressed as becomes a tradesman, in a fur cap, gray stockings, round shoes, and a drugget waistcoat; yet there was in him something that looked like a sailor: however you disguise him, the sailor always betrays himself. His hands were in his waistcoat pockets, and his eyes were fixed upon the Golden Quill, because he hungered still for a sight of the girl who lived beneath that sign. In spite of his strength and his courage, one word from Bess would have made this giant as weak as a reed. But as for her, she would no more so much as speak friendly with him, being angered at his importunity.

Bess sat in the open doorway, partly screened from the glare of the evening, and partly sitting in the open sunshine, because she was not one of those who fear to hurt their complexions. She was working at something which lay in her lap, and sat with her back turned to Aaron, as if she knew that he was there, and would not so much as look at him. Through the door one might see her father at his work, spectacles on nose.

Mr. Brinjes looked at her, still standing before his own door. Then she raised her head, hearing his footstep, and laughed. She always laughed at sight of Mr. Brinjes in the evening, because, in his great wig and velvet coat, on his way to the Club, he was so different from Mr. Brinjes in his scratch or his nightcap, sitting in his parlor or his shop.

"Saucy baggage!" said the Apothecary. "Stand up, Bess, and let me see how tall thou art."

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1541.

Mr. Brinjes surveyed her critically. Then he sighed and said, "Thou art, I swear, Bess, fit for the gods themselves! Well, child?"—and then he sighed again.

"Is there news?" she asked.

"I hear of none," he replied, gravely. "Bess, the time goes on. Is it well to waste thy youth on a man who comes not back? There are other men—"

"Talk not to me," she cried, impatiently—"talk not to me of other men. There is no other man in the world for me but Jack. As for other men, I scorn 'em."

She drew from her bosom half a sixpence, tied to a piece of black ribbon. This she kissed and put back again.

"It is long since we had news of him," Mr. Brinjes went on, doubtfully, and dropping his voice, because Mr. Westmoreland sat within, poring over his books.

"He loves me," she replied in a whisper. And the thought caused her cheek to glow, and her eyes became humid. "He told me he should always love me. Why, a man cannot be continually writing letters. He wrote to me once—which is enough—to tell me again that he loves me. And I think of him all day long."

"Well said, girl! That is only what is due to so gallant a lover."

"I belong to him—I am all his. Why else should I desire to live? Why do I go to church, if not to pray for him?"

"Good girl! Good girl! Would that all women had such constant hearts! I have known many women, whether at home, or at Kingston, or on the Guinea Coast. Some I have known jealous; some full of tricks and tempers; but never a one among them all to be constant. Good girl, Bess!"

"Sometimes I think—oh!—suppose he should never come back at all! or suppose I should learn that another woman had entrapped him with her horrid arts?"

Mr. Brinjes smiled, as one who knows the world. "Sailors do sometimes fall into traps," he said. "They are everywhere laid for sailors. But what though his thoughts may have gone a-roving—though I say not that they have—they will come home. The Lieutenant will be true. Gad! There cannot be a single Jack of all the Jacks afloat who would not joyfully come back to such a sweetheart."

"Oh yes!" She made as if she would draw something else from her bosom, but refrained. "I have his letter, his dear letter. Jack is true. He swore that no one should ever come between him and me."

"There is another thing, child. He left thee, Bess, a slip of a girl seventeen years old, with little but great black locks and roguish tricks. When he comes back, he will find another Bess."

"Oh!" she cried, in alarm. "But he will expect the same."

"And such a Bess—such a beautiful Bess—fit for a Prince's love."

"I want no Prince but Jack," said Bess, her eyes soft and humid, and her lips parted.

"He will be satisfied. Rosy lips and black eyes, shapely head and apple cheek, dimpled chin and smiling mouth, and such a throat! I have seen such, Bess, in the girls of the Guinea Coast when they are young; just such a throat as thine—as slender and as round, though shiny black. For my own part, I love the color."

"Happy boy! happy girl!" he cried, after sighing heavily. "I would I were young again, to fight this lover for his mistress. Tedious it is to look on at the game which one would still be playing."

"There is one thing which troubles me," she said. "It is the importunity of Aaron, who will never take nay for his answer. He comes every evening—nay, sometimes in the morning—telling me the Lieutenant has forgotten me, and offering to take his place. And he will still be saying things of Jack (who cudgelled him so famously). If I were a man I would beat him till he roared for mercy." Her eyes now flashed fire, I warrant you, sleepy and calm as they had looked before. "But I can do nothing, and Luke is too small and weak to fight so great a man. He stands there now—look at him!"

"Patience, my girl—patience. I will tackle this lovesick shepherd."

Mr. Brinjes walked slowly down the street until he came to Aaron Fletcher. Then he stopped, and surveyed the man from head to foot.

"Aaron," he said, "have a care—have a care. Thou hast been warned already. A certain girl, who shall be nameless, is food for thy betters, master boat-builder—food for thy betters."

Aaron muttered something.

"Why, it is but two years and a half agone, if thou wilt remember, good Aaron, that a certain thing happened. Wherefore I warned thee that trouble would follow. Has it followed? Where is the *Willing Mind?* Captured by the French. Where is the prize-money thou wast to get from the privateer? Her cruise was cut short. Where is thy building yard? It is burned down. Where is thy business? It is gone. Thus would-be murderers are rightly punished. Wherefore, good Aaron, again I say, have a care."

Aaron made no reply, but shuffled his feet.

"And what do we here?" Mr. Brinjes asked, sternly. "Do we wait about the street in hopes of catching a look—a covetous and a wanton look—upon a face that belongs to another man? Aaron Fletcher, Aaron Fletcher, I have warned thee before."

"With submission, sir," said the young man, "the street is free to all. As for my betters, a boat-builder is as good as a penman, I take it."

"Go home, boy; go home. Leave Bess alone, or it will be the worse for thee."

"I take my answer from none but Bess."

"She hath given thee an answer."

Here the young man plucked up courage, and fell to railing and cursing at Mr. Brinjes himself. "Here is fine talk!" said Mr. Brinjes at length, and after hearing him without the least signs of anger. "Here is a proper game-cock! Aaron, thou must have a lesson. So! That hollow tooth of thine, my lad—the one at the back, the last but one in the left-hand lower jaw!" The fellow started and turned pale. "Go home now quickly." Here Mr. Brinjes shook the gold head of his walking-stick threateningly, while his one eye flamed up like a train of powder. "Go home; on thy way the tooth will begin to shoot and prick as with fiery needles. Go, therefore, to bed immediately. It will next feel as if a red-hot iron were clapped to it and held there, and thy cheek will swell like a hasty-pudding. The pain will last all night. In the morning come to me, and perhaps, if I am merciful, and thou showest signs of grace and repentance, I will pull out the tooth. Thou canst meditate all night long on the incomparable graces of the girl who can never be thy sweetheart."

Strange that a doctor should be able to cause as well as cure disease! As Aaron Fletcher drew near to his workshop he felt the first sharp pang and pricking of toothache. When he reached his bed the misery was intolerable. All night long he rolled upon his palate, groaning. In the morning he repaired to Mr. Brinjes, dumfounded, his face tied up, seeking for nothing but relief.

"Aha!" said Mr. Brinjes. "Here is our lad of spirit—here is our lover! Love hath its thorns, Aaron, as well as its roses. Sit down—sit down. The basin, James—and cold water. It is a grinder, and will take a strong pull. Hold back his head, James—and his mouth wide open. So—with a will, my lad. It is done. Go no more to the neighborhood of Bess Westmoreland, my lad. 'Tis a brave tooth, and might have lasted a lifetime. The neighborhood of Bess Westmoreland is draughty, full of toothaches and rheumatisms. I think I saw another hollow grinder on the other side. Take great care, Aaron. Avoid Church Lane, especially in the evening. Go thy way now, and be thankful that things are no worse."

CHAPTER XXVII.

IN COMMAND.

When Mr. Brinjes had disposed of this importunate swain, he went on his way, and presently entered the Blue Parlor, where some of the gentlemen were already assembled, waiting for the arrival of their president or chairman, the Admiral, who was not long in coming, with his escort of negroes.

When he had taken his seat, his pipe filled, his gold-headed stick within reach, he rapped upon the table once.

"Gentlemen," he said, "good-evening, one and all."

Then he rapped upon the table twice.

Immediately the landlord appeared at the door, bearing in his hand a great steaming bowl of punch, which he placed before the president. One of the negroes filled a brimming glass and gave it to his master. Then he filled for the others, and passed the glasses round; and the Admiral, standing up, shouted, "Gentlemen, his Majesty's health, and confusion to his enemies!"

This done, he sat down, and prepared to spend a cheerful evening.

By this time it was eight o'clock, though not yet sunset, though the western sky was red and the sun low in the west. With much whistling of pipes and ringing of bells the day's work at the Yard hard by was brought to a close. Whereupon a sudden stillness fell upon the air, broken only by the hoarse cries and calls from the ships in mid-river now working slowly up-stream, with flow of tide and a light breeze from the south or southeast.

"Gentlemen," said the Admiral, with importance, I have this day received despatches from Jack Easterbrook, my ward, which I have brought with me to gladden your hearts, as they have gladdened mine." He tugged a packet out of his pocket, and laid it on the table before him. "He writes," continued the Admiral, "from his ship, the *Sapphire* frigate, Captain John Strachan, and, to begin with, the letter is dated November, but appears to have been written from time to time as occasion offered. At that time he was with Admiral Sir Edward Hawke, whose health, gentlemen, we will drink."

They did so. The Admiral proceeded, with the deliberation which belongs to one-armed men, to open the letter, and after calling for a candle, to read it.

"'*November* 22, 1759.'—The boy writes, gentlemen, as I said before, from aboard the frigate *Sapphire*, Captain Strachan, then forming part of Commodore Duff's squadron, and of Sir Edward Hawke's fleet, blockading the port of Brest. It is his account of the action, whereof intelligence reached the Admiralty six months ago. Humph! At the beginning, the boy presents his duty and respect, which is as it should be. He is well, and without a scratch. But the news is six months old, and of the stalest. Yet it is welcome. Now listen.

"'I wrote to you last when we were driven by stress of weather to raise the blockade of Brest, and put in at Torbay.'—He did, gentlemen, and you heard his letter read.—'I hope my letter came to hand.'—It did.—'By stress of weather to raise the blockade of Brest.'—This letter-reading is tedious work.'" The Admiral took another drink of punch, and proceeded, folding the letter so as to catch the light, and reading very slowly. "'When the gale abated we put to sea again, but found that the Frenchman had slipped his cables and was off. 'Twas a fisherman of Beer, a little village on the Devonshire coast, who saw the French fleet under full sail, and brought the news. We found out afterward there were twenty sail of the line and five frigates that sailed out of Brest, being bound, as was conjectured, for Quiberon Bay. But this we could not rightly tell. However, we crowded sail and after them, the wind blowing fresh, the water lumpy, and the weather thick, so that we made a poor reckoning, and the fleet was much scattered. However, on the sixth day, being the morning of the 20th, the signal was hoisted of the enemy's fleet, and the Admiral gave his signal to close up for action. Well, there they were in full sight, but apparently with mighty little stomach for the fight; and instead of shortening sail and accommodating us like gentlemen, they scudded before us. However, toward eight bells, when the men had taken their dinners and their rum, and were in good fighting trim, and ready to meet the devil himself on his three-decker'—'tis a deuce of a boy, gentlemen—'the *Warspite* and the *Devastation* had the good luck to come up first with the French rear, and the action began. Very soon we all drew up, and pounded away. As for the *Sapphire*, we, with the *Resolution*, 74, were speedily engaged with the *Formidable*, 80, Rear-Admiral Verger; and a very brisk engagement it was, the Frenchman being full of spirit. But he had the sense to strike after three hours of it, and after losing 200 men killed and wounded. There was a very good account made of the other ships, though not without misfortunes on our part. The *Thésée*, 74, thinking to fight her lower-deck guns, shipped a heavy sea, and foundered, with all her crew. She would have made a splendid prize indeed, and a magnificent addition to his Majesty's Fleet. But it was not to be.'—The decrees of Providence, gentlemen," said the Admiral, "are not to be questioned or examined. But it passes human understanding to see the sense of sinking the *Thésée* instead of letting her become a prize and an ornament to King George's Navy, and useful for the cause of justice." Then he continued reading: "'The French ship *Superbe*, 70, also capsized'—dear, dear, gentlemen! another loss to us—'and went down, I think from the same cause. So here were two good ships thrown away, as one may say, by lubberly handling. We had bad luck with two more noble ships: one of them, the *Héros*, as beautiful a 74 as you ever clapped eyes on, struck; but the waves were, unluckily, running too high for a boat to be lowered, and in the night she ran aground. So did the *Soleil-Royal*, 80; and next day we had to set fire to them, though it was enough to bring tears to the most hard-hearted for thinking how they would have looked sailing up the Solent, the Union-jack at the stern, above the great white Royal. Our misfortunes did not end here; for H.M.S. *Resolution* unfortunately went ashore too, and now lays a total wreck, and all her crew drowned. The *Essex* also went ashore and is lost, but her crew saved. As for us, it was stand by, load, and fire, for nearly three hours, but only two officers killed and three wounded, with twenty men killed and thirty wounded. I think the Mounseers, who were safe within the bar of the river, will stay there so long as we are in sight. For though they pounded us, we've mauled them, as I hope you will allow. 'Tis thought that we may be despatched in search of Thurot's squadron. So no more at present, from your obedient and humble John Easterbrook.' Well, gentlemen, this is my letter, and what do you think of it?"

"Always without a scratch," said Mr. Brinjes. "Well, the lad is as lucky as he is brave. Every bullet has its billet. Pray that the bullet is not yet cast which will find its billet in Jack! Admiral, let us drink the health of this gallant lad."

And then they fell to talking of Jack's future, and how they should all live to see him an Admiral and a Knight, and in command of a fleet, and achieving some splendid victory over the French. But Mr. Brinjes checked them, because, he said, that to anticipate great fortune is, as the negroes of the Gold Coast know full well, to draw down great disaster. But still they talked of the brave boy who had grown up among them, and was now doing his duty like a man.

Now, in the midst of this discourse, the landlord ran into the room, crying, "Admiral and gentlemen, here comes a French prize up the river!" And all, leaving their pipes and punch, hurried forth into the garden.

There is no more gallant sight than the arrival of a prize, especially when, as then happened, she comes up the river at the sunset of a glorious summer day, when the yellow light falls upon her sails and colors every rope of her rigging, and when, as then happened, she bears about her all the marks of a long and terrible battle—her bulwarks broken away, her mainmast gone, great rents and holes in her side, her sails shattered, and even the beautiful carved group which once served for a figure-head, such as the French love, broken and mutilated.

"A French prize, truly, gentlemen," said the Admiral. "There is a French cut about her lines—and look! there is the white flag with the Union-jack above."

She came up Greenwich Reach, her sails bent, slowly, as if she was ashamed of being seen a prisoner in an English port. At her stern floated the flag of the French navy, the great white flag with the royal arms in gold. But above this flag there floated the Union-jack. And every gentleman in the company tossed his hat and shouted at the sight.

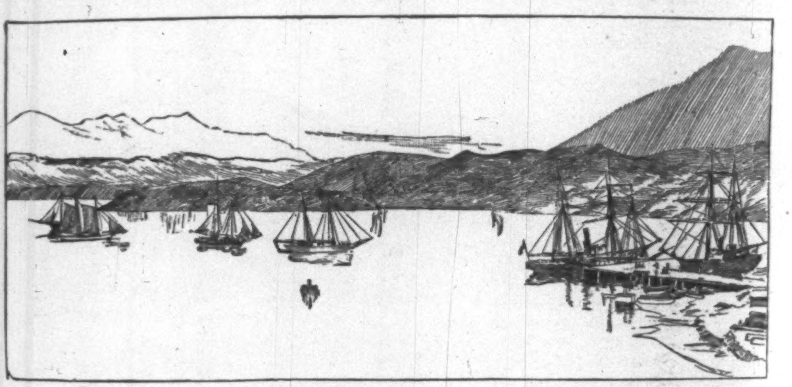
"Landlord," said the Admiral, "fetch me your glass, and quick. The evening falls apace."

The landlord brought a sea telescope.

"She's a 58-gun ship, gentlemen. There has been warm work. Mainmast gone; to'gallant mizzen carried away; bows smashed; rigging cut to pieces. Seems hardly worth the trouble of bringing up the Channel. But"—here he wiped the glass with his coat sleeve, and applied it more curiously—"who is that upon the quarter-deck? Gentlemen—gentlemen all—it is....it is....it is none other than Jack Easterbrook himself in command! Damn that boy for luck! Cudjo, ye lubber, bring me my stick! Gentlemen, we will all hasten to the Yard, and board the ship as soon as she drops her bower. Landlord, more punch! Jack's home again, and in command of a prize! And, landlord, if I find my negroes sober when I come back, gad! I'll break every bone in your body!"

In this triumphant way did Jack come home, in charge of a splendid frigate, the *Calypso*, taken after as obstinate an action as one may desire or expect, by the *Sapphire*, in the Chops of the Channel, and sent to Deptford under command of Lieutenant John Easterbrook, to be repaired and added to his Majesty's navy.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

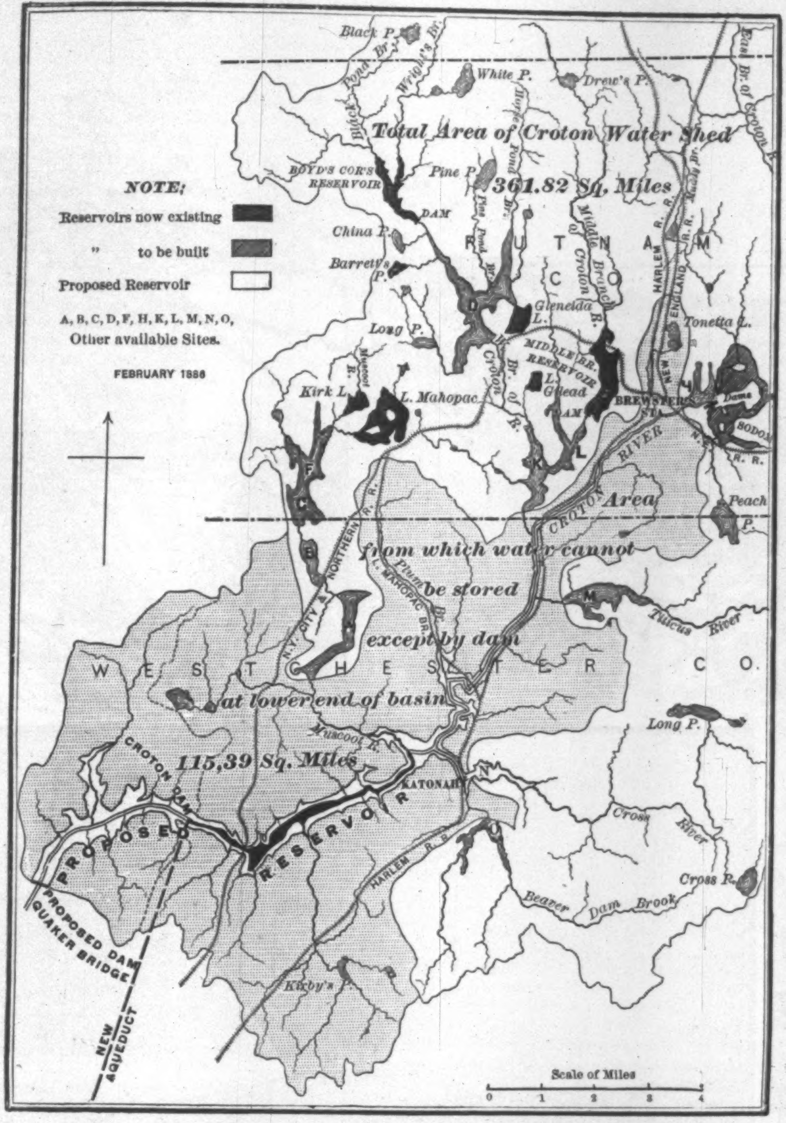

British Schooners.
American Schooner.
U. S. Steamer *Corwin*.
A. C. Co.'s Steamer *Dora*.

THE SEIZED SEALERS IN THE HARBOR OF ILIULIUK.

THE SEIZED SEALERS.

The seizure last summer by the United States steamer *Corwin* of three British and one American sealing vessels in Behring Sea created a sensation in fishing and shipping circles both in this country and Great Britain, and was severely criticised in certain quarters, until the cause of the action had been fully explained. An interesting picture of the harbor of Iliuliuk, Oonalaska, showing the four seized schooners and their captor, is published in connection with this article. According to the terms of the lease which the Alaska Commercial Company holds from the United States, that company has, among other rights, the exclusive right of taking seals on the islands of St. George and St. Paul, which are the summer-quarters of thousands of fur seals, and as the Alaska Commercial Company pays the good round sum of $350,000 a year for their lease, it is natural that they should desire to be fully protected in all privileges obtained under the lease. Although the illegal slaughter of seals on the islands mentioned was some time ago effectually stopped, piratical sealers have of late adopted a plan whereby the injury to the Alaska Company is just as great. Schooners fitted out at Victoria, and provided with skilled Indian marksmen, go up into Behring Sea, and there lie in wait for the seals as they come up through the strait among the numerous Aleutian islands, and shoot them in the water in large numbers. Last summer the United States revenue-cutter *Corwin*, under command of Captain Abbey, was directed to cruise in Behring Sea for the protection of the seal fisheries. In July the *Corwin* came upon the American schooner *San Diego*, and overhauling her, found the skins of upward of 500 seals which had been slaughtered in this manner. The schooner was promptly seized, and her cargo confiscated. A month later the *Corwin* detected three British vessels, the *Thornton*, *Onward*, and *Caroline*, in the very act of shooting seals. The British flag did not prevent Captain Abbey from seizing these vessels, upon which were found about 1500 seal-skins.

The only question at issue as to the right of this government to take the action described lies in the construction of the treaty with Russia, by which the Territory of Alaska was ceded to the United States. It has been a disputed point as to how much of the Alaskan waters came into the possession of the United States under that treaty. Six years ago the Treasury Department announced its construction of the law to be that the United States was the absolute owner of Behring Sea, and the government, in protection of the Alaskan Commercial Company's interests, has ever since acted under that construction.



WATER-SHED OF THE CROTON RIVER.

THE NEW AQUEDUCT.

The pivot upon which the entire scheme of the future water supply to this city rests is the Quaker Bridge Dam, so called; not that the name indicates, as some have supposed, a peculiar method of construction, but that the locality chosen for this dam is in the immediate vicinity of an old wooden structure over the Croton River known as the "Quaker Bridge." This dam will be unprecedented in its magnitude, and in connection with the new aqueduct will provide a volume of water at all seasons far beyond that of any single structure either in ancient or modern times.

In 1842 the present Croton Aqueduct was opened for use, the population of the city then numbering some 350,000. The enormous increase in population and manufactures in the city, far beyond anything anticipated, brought about a demand for water, which could only be partially met by deepening the flow through the aqueduct, subjecting the structure to a pressure which it was never designed to sustain.

None too soon, a charter was obtained in June, 1883, known as "An Act to provide new reservoirs, dams, and a new aqueduct, with the appurtenances thereto, for the purpose of supplying the city of New York with an increased supply of pure and wholesome water."

Anticipating the authority to be derived from the Legislature, the city authorities had for some years previously been studying the situation and preparing plans, and it was concluded that instead of following the contour of the surface, as in the old aqueduct, economy, and safety against the elements and malicious depredations, would be furthered by constructing the aqueduct wholly in tunnel.

Accordingly the conduit, except at a few points, is to be excavated by tunnel in the solid rock; and in order to avail of the utmost flow possible from the water-shed of the Croton River, a dam to impound water to a level of 200 feet above tide was proposed, covering an area of over 3000 acres, giving a storage capacity, when filled, of thirty-two thousand million gallons, the top water-line of this reservoir being 34 feet above the lip of the present Croton Dam. Such was the scheme in general which was recommended.

The Croton is a very variable stream, and subject to extreme variation in the total yearly flow. In 1880 there were 206 days in which no water ran over the dam, and other days when millions of gallons ran to waste, there being no means for retaining it in store for the drier months; and but for the water stored in Boyd's Corners Reservoir, Middle Branch Reservoir, Lake Mahopac, and Croton Lake (those shown in the illustration), and others, aggregating 9500 million gallons, there might have been positive suffering in the city. This illustrates the operation of storage.

The New Aqueduct Commission, in their effort to utilize as great flow from the basin as possible, have fixed the dimensions of the new aqueduct as equivalent to a circle of 14 feet in diameter, or a discharge of 324,000,000 gallons daily. This, together with the old aqueduct, will give a daily supply of 400 million gallons, to supply which in a dry year, such as 1880, will require nearly 70,000 million gallons of stored water on the Croton Basin. We come now to the necessity of the Quaker Bridge Dam and Reservoir.

In 1858 a survey of all the possible sites for reservoirs on the Croton Basin was made, and carefully re-examined in 1872. Two of them, Boyd's Corners and Middle Branch, have been built, of a total capacity of 6700 million gallons. This, with fourteen smaller lakes, constitutes the extent of storage now available, referred to previously as 9500 million gallons. An additional one at Brewster's, to hold 8000 million gallons, has been ordered to be built. The alternative plan in opposition to the Quaker Dam project was to continue this method of small reservoirs as the needs of the city might require. Aside from the objection to so many comparatively shallow receptacles, no sites for dams for over a hundred square miles of the basin can be found, except by means of the Quaker Bridge Dam, and as hence, to avail of the entire drainage area of the basin, this dam at the lowest part of the valley *must* ultimately be built, it would seem as wise as economical to first build this deep and capacious reservoir to hold 32,000 million gallons, and subsequently, as the increasing wants of the city may require, add to the supply by smaller reservoirs above. It should be remarked that the Commission have not yet officially approved the Quaker Dam project.

The Quaker Dam is located in a deep rocky gorge of the Croton River about four miles below the present Croton Dam. Extensive borings indicate solid rock for the foundation at about 90 feet below the bed of the river. The dam proper being 178 feet high above this level, makes the total height from the rock about 270 feet. The width of the gorge at the bottom is 400 feet, and the top of the dam is 1400 feet in length, to be occupied by a road, as seen in the view, 22 feet wide between parapets. No water will flow over the dam itself; all freshets and waste will pass by an ample spill-way cut in the rock to the south and west of the dam. There will be about 500,000 cubic yards of stone masonry laid in hydraulic cement, and it is estimated to cost between four and five millions of dollars, and require short of five years to build. If it be said that such a structure is unprecedented, so is the East River Bridge, and so was the Hell Gate Channel.

The new aqueduct commences near the present Croton Dam, in tunnel of a horseshoe section, equivalent to that of a circle of 14 feet in diameter within the brick lining, which lining will extend throughout from end to end. The excavation is at times necessarily in excess of the required dimensions, and slips may extend high into the roof, and at other places heavy timbering is required. The normal section taken out per running foot is 204 cubic feet. The capacity of the finished tunnel, as above, of 324 million gallons is preserved from the starting-point until the New York city boundary is reached. It is expected at this point that for the annexed district a distributing reservoir will be built, which will divert a portion of the flow, and hence the flow below this point toward New York will be but 250 million gallons daily; the finished diameter of the tunnel thence is reduced to a circle of 12 feet 3 inches in diameter.

This portion of the tunnel for a length of 6¼ miles, owing to the falling away of the surface, is depressed, and being under pressure, will be reduced in size and more heavily lined with masonry; it includes the section under the Harlem River, which, owing to the character of the rock, is carried 160 feet below tide-level, and the tunnel here, in addition to the heavy brick lining, will also be secured by an interior lining of cast-iron two inches in thickness, the section of the tunnel below the river being 10½ feet in diameter. On the south side of Harlem River the tunnel will resume its dimensions of 12 feet 3 inches, and terminate in a gate-house at One-hundred-and-thirty-fifth Street. Thence iron pipes will convey the water to Central Park Reservoir. The entire length of tunnel to One-hundred-and-thirty-fifth Street will be 30¾ miles, being over 5 miles less than the old aqueduct between the same points. It will be worked through 34 shafts and 10 open portals; and the progress may be estimated as 32 feet forward per week at each heading. There are 19 miles of tunnel excavated, and some 3 miles of brick lining completed. At the shafts and portals, where extensive steam machinery is located, pumps are erected for draining the work, pipes laid for conveying the air to the drilling machines at the headings, as also for ventilation; power provided for electric lighting, and for working the cages in the shafts, to remove débris from the excavation; to supply the workmen with materials (cement, bricks, etc.); and for the convenience of the workmen at the end of the shifts. Three such shifts of workmen occur in 24 hours, and the work continues night and day. The shafts range in depth from over 60 to 350 feet, and the study, and labor-saving expedients, and the energy shown to make progress must be seen to be appreciated.

The contracts for excavation amounted to some $12,000,000, but to this must be added the accessories. No less than six extensive gate chambers will be required for the purpose of emptying portions of the aqueduct, if it should be found necessary, and for regulating the flow of water from the Storage Reservoir into the city. One of these, near the Croton Dam, is a most intricate structure, calculated to meet the wants of a most unprecedented water-service, and will alone cost some $500,000. Others, while not so intricate, are on a scale commensurate with the great work toward the efficiency of which they are essential factors. And it may be safely said that this entire work will represent the advanced state of the art and science of hydraulic construction at the era of its completion.

WILLIAM M. TAYLOR, D.D.

The city of New York has been for many years exceedingly fortunate in the men who have occupied its important pulpits. Church-goers of our generation still recur with fondness to the names of James W. Alexander, the elder Tyng, Bethune (who spent his last years in the metropolis), and John Cotton Smith. Dr. John Hall, Dr. William M. Taylor, and others whom we cannot stop to name, are not a whit behind them in eloquence and power. Dr. Taylor was born in the district of Ayrshire, Scotland, October 23, 1829. He is a graduate of the University of Glasgow, and a graduate who distinguished himself in scholarship. Between the years 1849 and 1851 he studied theology in the school of the United Presbyterian Church at Edinburgh. In 1853 he was settled over the United Presbyterian Church at Kilmaurs, a village near Kilmarnock, his birthplace. In 1854 he was called to the charge of the United Presbyterian Church at Derby Road, Liverpool. Here he spent sixteen years in active pastoral labors. His church was near one of the great docks of the city, and the population about him was not of the kind to promise a young minister great success. Dr. Taylor, however, did succeed, and built up a large congregation, his zeal and ardor overcoming all difficulties.

He first became known to the people of this country by his occupancy of the pulpit of Mr. Beecher's church during the summer of 1871. He at once established his reputation as a preacher of unusual breadth and force. A call to the Broadway Tabernacle quickly followed, and in 1872 he was settled as pastor over this church, which, under the care of Dr. Joseph P. Thompson, had become one of the most prominent in the city. Here the popularity which he first won as a stranger and visitor to the United States has been fully maintained as the head of this great congregation.

In preaching, the impression which Dr. Taylor first makes upon his hearer is that of great strength. His well-knit frame is itself a promise of the energetic expression of his thoughts. His movements preparatory to the delivery of his discourse are in no way suggestive of nervousness; all is quiet and calm. The prayer is tender, and Scriptural in much of its diction. The sermon opens with a clear exposition of the passage in hand. As the speaker proceeds, the fervor of his nature finds expression in the forcible delivery of emphatic passages. He is all aglow with ardor, but perfectly self-restrained. While using manuscript, the action is as free as that of the ordinary extemporaneous speaker. It is this combination of the accuracy of careful composition with the energy of extemporaneous speech which has contributed much to Dr. Taylor's extraordinary success. He has learned Chalmers's art of putting life and fire into the written sermon. The discourse is a sermon, by which we mean the exhibition and enforcement of some truth contained in the Bible. Dr. Taylor's sermons are not drawn from the depths of his consciousness, nor from philosophy, nor poetry, nor history, but from Scripture. Philosophy, poetry, and history are all pressed into his service, and his inner Christian life has obviously contributed to his apprehension of the meaning of the Sacred Text, but that Text is his supreme authority. His theology is that accepted by all evangelical Churches, and within its limits he is content to remain. This feature of his preaching is the charm which attracts to it a large proportion of his hearers. There are thousands of intelligent persons in our day who have heard the Bible much talked about with very little satisfaction to their minds, and really want to know what is in it. They would not stop for ten minutes to hear a defence of its inspiration, or an attempt to reconcile Moses with modern science; but will listen with intense delight to a preacher who makes the old heroes of the Bible live before the eyes of modern men. Old and New Testament personages, who were before but names to many, have become real, with their inner life exhibited in its beauty and power by the eloquent Tabernacle pastor. Dr. Taylor preaches the Bible as if he believed it, as if his mind lived and moved and had a home among its truths, and as if Peter and Paul and John and Elijah were men of flesh and blood like the rest of us.

The range of Dr. Taylor's labors since he came to America has been very broad. For a time he was the editor of a religious newspaper, giving to it regularly the products of his pen. He is always a laborious pastor, and renders to his people as pastor the most faithful service. His church is thoroughly organized for Christian work, and is especially devoted to the promotion of the cause of home missions in the United States. He is a frequent speaker on the platform, and is known for the vigor of his platform lectures and addresses. His busy pen has already since his coming to the United States produced seven volumes, the fruit of his preaching upon the leading historical characters of the Bible. They are *David King of Israel*, *Peter the Apostle*, *Paul the Missionary*, *Joseph the Prime-Minister*, *Moses the Law-Giver*, *Daniel the Beloved*, *Elijah the Prophet*. These titles show that Dr. Taylor regards these heroes of the faith as typical men, and as typical men he presents them to the view of modern hearers. These sermon volumes are by no means researches into archæology or disquisitions upon ancient customs, but are full of direct applications to our own modern life. Scripture is held up before us as a mirror, and we are shown how essentially alike are the perils of life and the ways of Divine deliverance in all the ages of the world.

Dr. Taylor is an illustration, if another illustration were needed, of the debt which American Christianity owes to Scotland. Either through its direct influence, or in the form of Irish Presbyterianism, Scotland has been an important factor in American culture. Witherspoon and Nisbet in the last century, and McCosh, Hall, and Taylor in this, are identified with all that is best in our country's progress. They have proved that the Scotch American is an American of the very finest type. To this result the quick sympathy between Scotch and American Presbyterianism has very largely contributed. The debt of obligation which we owe to the Scotch and Scotch Irish immigrants to the United States, from the colonial period until now, is one that we can hardly estimate. It is encouraging to know that this wholesome influence is likely to be perpetuated. Such men as Dr. Taylor reach more persons than are embraced in their congregations; they reach American society throughout its length and breadth. They are known as representatives of whatever is best in Christian morals and purest in Christian faith. It is especially serviceable to the young men of our great city to have the vital truths of the Christian religion upheld in their hearing, and to see a deep reverence for the Bible, as God's Word, inspiring all the utterances of one of the foremost preachers of our time.

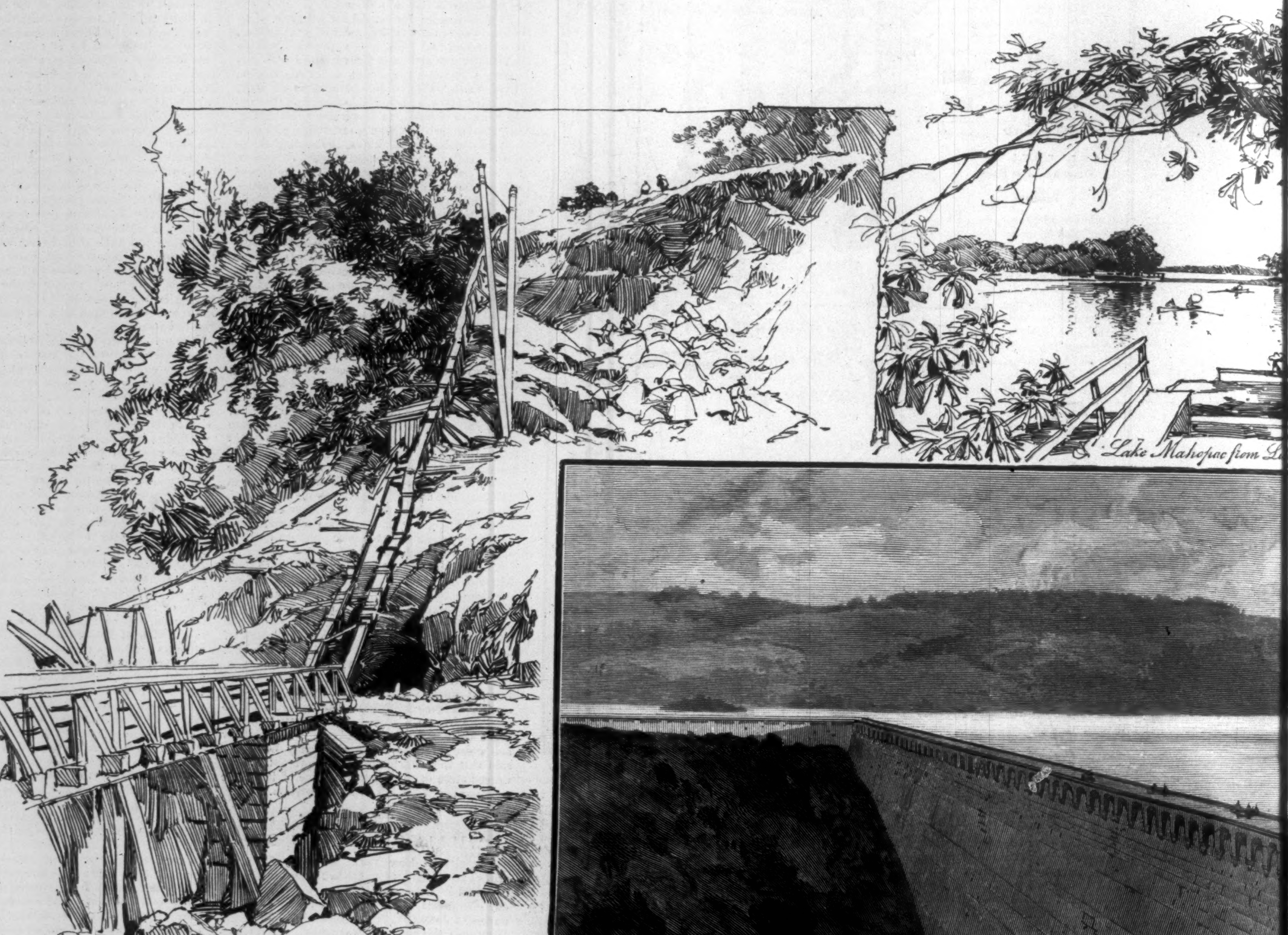
WAIFS AND STRAYS.

The London *Lancet* awaits with somewhat languid interest the result of the discussion of the new scientific proposition that it is just as well to bolt one's food as not. It advises people who are desirous of avoiding dyspepsia in its worst forms to continue in the mean time to chew their food in the old-fashioned way.

Ex-King Theebaw of Burmah mildly complains of Rutnagherry, his place of exile, on the ground that it is dreary and dull, and infested with snakes and scorpions, and asks to be restored to his throne. Until he can prove his remarkable allegation that a place which is infested with snakes and scorpions is dull, it is not probable that his British conquerors will comply with his request.

The annual cost of maintaining the two royal theatres at Berlin is one million dollars. Nearly one-fifth of this sum is annually contributed by the Emperor. All the members of the royal family pay for their boxes.

"When the steamer *O'Kanagon* landed here," says an Oregon paper, "and left a man to put up a tent and dig a road down the bank to the landing, there was no house within one hundred miles, except at the Lapwai Agency and one at El Poway. One week after the steamer landed, this was a town of three hundred people, living in tents and stick and mud houses, with streets regularly laid out, and city lots at a high figure." Of course there have been instances of more rapid growth than this in the far West, but still the birds of Oregon must consider that a good deal is going on in that State as they fly about.



Shaft No. 0 Croton Dam.

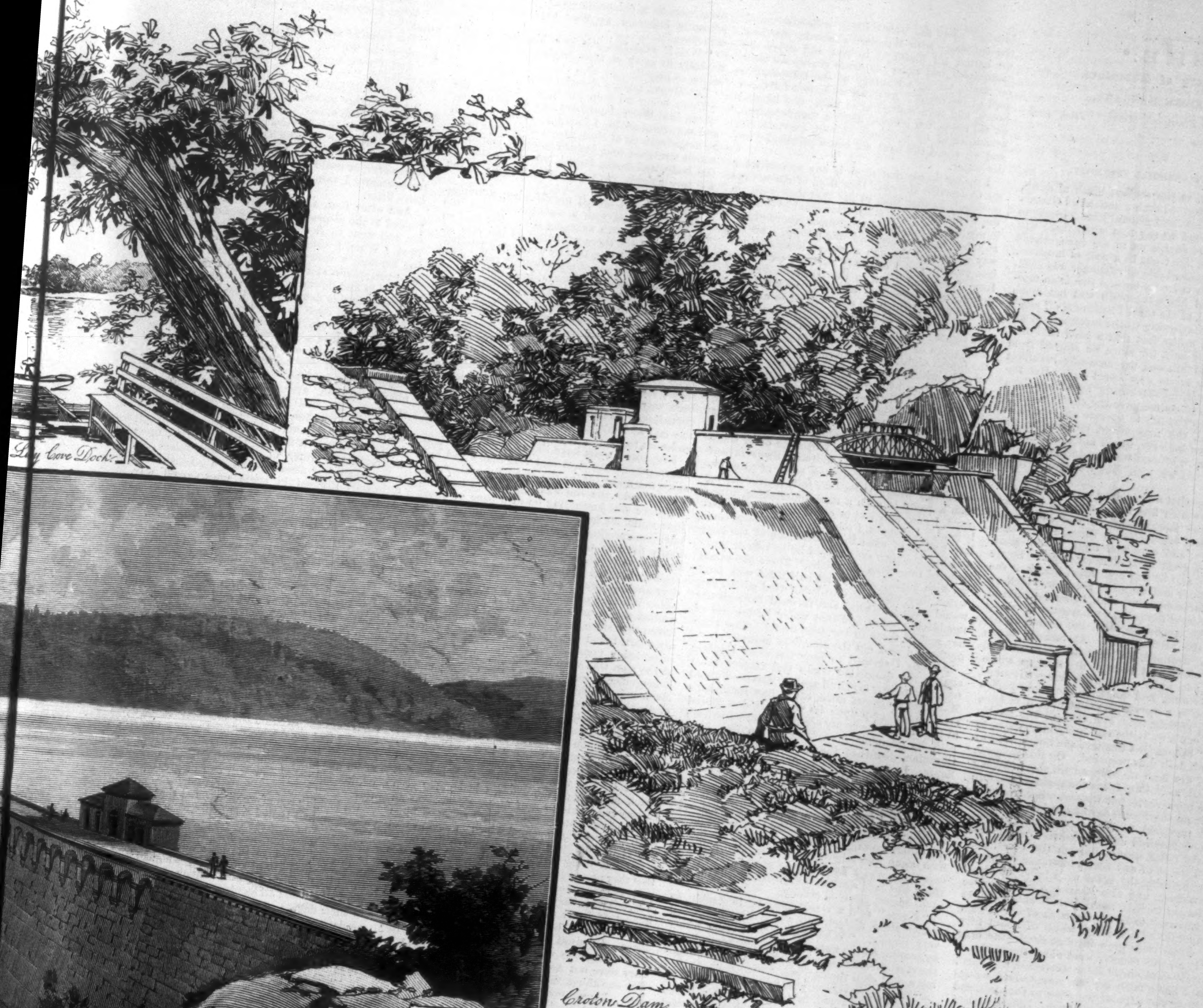
Lake Mahopac from L

PROPOSED QUAKER BRIDGE DA

Site of the proposed Muscoot Dam.

Dam and Reservoir at B

THE NEW AQUEDUCT—VIEWS IN THE CROTON WATER-S


Cove Dock.
Croton Dam.
ners.
Middle Branch Reservoir.

EGION.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 683.]

SHE:[*]

A History of Adventure.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD,

Author of "King Solomon's Mines," "Jess," etc.

VI.

AN EARLY CHRISTIAN CEREMONY.

Next morning, at the earliest blush of dawn, we rose, and performed such ablutions as circumstances would allow, and generally made ready to start. I am bound to say that when there was sufficient light to enable us to see each other's faces, I, for one, burst out in a roar of laughter. Job's fat and comfortable countenance was swollen out to nearly twice its natural size from mosquito bites, and Leo's condition was not much better. Indeed, of the three I had come off much the best, probably owing to the toughness of my dark skin, and to the fact that a good deal of it was covered by hair, for since we started from England I had allowed my naturally luxuriant beard to grow at its own sweet will. But the other two were, comparatively speaking, clean shaved, which of course gave the enemy a larger extent of open country to operate on, though as for Mahomed, the mosquitoes, recognizing the taste of a true believer, would not touch him at any price. How often, I wonder, during the next week or so did we wish that we were flavored like an Arab!

By the time that we had done laughing as heartily as our swollen lips would allow, it was daylight, and the morning breeze was coming up from the sea, cutting lanes through the dense marsh mists, and here and there rolling them before it in great balls of fleecy vapor. So we set our sail, and having first taken a look at the two dead lions and the dead alligator, which we were of course unable to skin, being destitute of means of curing the pelts, we started, and sailing through the lagoon, followed the course of the river on the further side. At mid-day, when the breeze dropped, we were fortunate enough to find a convenient piece of dry land on which to camp and light a fire, and here we cooked some wild duck and some of the water-buck's flesh—not in a very appetizing way, it is true, but still, sufficiently. The rest of the buck's flesh we cut into strips and hung in the sun, to dry into "biltong," as I believe the South African Dutch call flesh thus prepared. On this welcome patch of dry land we stopped till the following dawn, and, as before, spent the night in warfare with the mosquitoes, but without other troubles.

It was on the fourth day of our journey, when we had travelled, so far as we could reckon, about one hundred and thirty-five to a hundred and forty miles westward from the coast, that the first event of any real importance occurred. On that morning the usual wind failed us about eleven o'clock, and after pulling a little way we were forced to halt, more or less exhausted, at what appeared to be the junction of our stream with another of a uniform width of about fifty feet. Some trees grew near at hand—the only trees in all this country were along the banks of the river—and under these we rested, and then, the land being fairly dry just here, walked a little way along the edge of the river to prospect, and shoot a few water-fowl for food. Before we had gone fifty yards we perceived that all hopes of getting further up the stream in the whale-boat were at an end, for not two hundred yards above where we had stopped was a succession of shallows and mud-banks, with not six inches of water over them. It was a watery *cul-de-sac.*

Turning back, we walked some way along the banks of the other river, and soon came to the conclusion, from various indications, that it was not a river at all, but an ancient canal, such as is to be seen above Mombasa, on the Zanzibar coast, connecting the Tana River with the Ozy, in such a way as to enable the shipping coming down the Tana to cross to the other river, and reach the sea by it, and thus avoid the very dangerous bar that blocks the mouth of the Tana. The canal before us had evidently been dug out by man at some remote period of the world's history, and the results of his digging still remained in the shape of the raised banks, that had no doubt once formed towing-paths. Except here and there, where they had been hollowed out or had fallen in, the banks of stiff, binding clay were at a uniform distance from each other, and the depth also appeared to be uniform. Current there was little or none, and, as a consequence, the surface of the water was choked with vegetable growth, intersected by little paths of clear water, made, I suppose, by the constant passage of water-fowl, iguanas, and other vermin. Now, as it was evident that we could not proceed up the river, it became equally evident that we must either try the canal, or else return to the sea. We could not stop where we were, to be baked by the sun and eaten up by the mosquitoes, till we died of fever in that dreary marsh.

"Well, I suppose that we must try it," I said; and the others assented in their various ways—Leo, as though it were the best joke in the world; Job, in respectful disgust; and Mahomed, with an invocation to the Prophet, and a comprehensive curse upon all unbelievers and their ways of thought and travel.

Accordingly, as soon as the sun got low, having little or nothing more to hope for from our friendly wind, we started. For the first hour or so we managed to row the boat, though with great labor; but after that the weeds got too thick to allow of it, and we were obliged to resort to the primitive and most exhausting resource of towing her. For two hours we labored, Mahomed, Job, and myself, who was supposed to be strong enough to pull against the two of them, on the bank, while Leo sat in the bow of the boat and brushed away the weeds which collected round the cut-water with Mahomed's sword. At dark we halted till midnight to rest and enjoy the mosquitoes, but when the moon got up we went on again, taking advantage of the comparative cool of the night. At dawn we halted for three hours, and then started once more, and labored on till about ten o'clock, when a thunder-storm, accompanied by a deluge of rain, overtook us, and we spent the next six hours practically under water.

I do not know that there is any necessity for me to describe the next four days of our voyage in detail, further than to say that they were, on the whole, the most miserable that I ever spent in my life, forming one monotonous record of heavy labor, heat, misery, and mosquitoes. All the way we passed through a region of almost endless swamp, and I can only attribute our escape from fever and death to the constant doses of quinine and purgatives which we took, and the unceasing toil which we were forced to undergo. On the third day of our journey up the canal we had sighted a round hill that loomed dimly through the vapors of the marsh, and on the evening of the fourth night, when we camped, this hill seemed to be within five-and-twenty or thirty miles of us. We were by now utterly exhausted, and felt as though our blistered hands could not pull the boat a yard further, and that the best thing that we could do would be to lie down and die in that dreadful wilderness of swamp. It was an awful position, and one in which I trust no other white man will ever be placed; and as I threw myself down in the boat to sleep the sleep of utter exhaustion, I bitterly cursed my folly in ever having been a party to such a mad undertaking, which could, I saw, only end in our death in this ghastly land. I thought, I remember, as I slowly sunk into a doze, of what the appearance of the boat and her unhappy crew would be in two or three months' time from that night. There she would lie, with gaping seams and half filled with fetid water, that, when the mist-laden wind stirred her, would wash backward and forward through our mouldering bones, and that would be the end of her, and of those in her, who would follow after myths and seek out the secrets of nature.

Already I seemed to hear the water rippling against the desiccated bones and rattling them together, rolling my skull against Mahomed's, and Mahomed's against mine, till at last Mahomed's stood straight up upon its vertebræ, and glared at me through its empty eye-holes, and cursed me with its grinning jaws, because I, a dog of a Christian, disturbed the last sleep of a true believer. I opened my eyes, and shuddered at the horrid dream, and then shuddered again at something that was not a dream, for two great eyes were gleaming down at me through the misty darkness. I struggled up, and in my terror and confusion shrieked and shrieked again, so that the others sprang up too, reeling, and drunken with sleep and fright. And then all of a sudden there was a flash of cold steel, and a great spear was held against my throat, and behind it other spears gleamed cruelly.

"Peace," said a voice, speaking in Arabic, or rather some dialect into which Arabic entered very largely. "Who are ye who come hither swimming on the water? Speak, or ye die," and the steel pressed sharply against my throat, sending a cold chill through me.

"We are travellers, and have come hither by chance," I answered, in my best Arabic, which appeared to be understood, for the man turned his head, and addressing a tall form that towered up in the background, said, "Father, shall we slay?"

"What is the color of the men?" said a deep voice in answer.

"White is their color."

"Slay not," was the reply. "Four suns since was the word brought to me from '*She-who-must-be-obeyed,*' 'White men come; if white men come, slay them not.' Let them be brought to the land of '*She-who-must-be-obeyed.*' Bring forth the men, and let that which they have with them be brought also."

"Come," said the man, half leading and half dragging me from the boat, and as he did so I perceived other men doing the same kind office to my companions.

On the bank were gathered a company of some fifty men. In the light all I could make out was that they were armed with huge spears, were very tall, and strongly built, comparatively light in color, and nude, save for a leopard-skin tied round the middle.

Presently Leo and Job were bundled out and placed beside me.

"What on earth is up?" said Leo, rubbing his eyes.

"Oh, Lord! sir, here's a rum go!" ejaculated Job; and just at that moment a disturbance ensued, and Mahomed came tumbling between us, followed by a shadowy form with an uplifted spear.

"Allah! Allah!" howled Mahomed, feeling that he had little to hope from man, "protect me! protect me!"

"Father, it is a black one," said a voice. "What said '*She-who-must-be-obeyed*' about the black one?"

"She said naught, but slay him not. Come hither, my son."

The man advanced, and the tall shadowy form bent forward.

"Yes, yes," said the other, and chuckled in a somewhat blood-curdling tone.

"Are the three white men there?" asked the form.

"Yes, they are there."

"Then bring up that which is made ready for them, and let the men take all that can be brought from the thing that floats."

Hardly had he spoken when men came running up, carrying on their shoulders neither more nor less than palanquins—four bearers and two spare men to a palanquin—and in these it was promptly indicated we were expected to stow ourselves.

"Well!" said Leo, "it is a blessing to find anybody to carry us after having to carry ourselves so long."

Leo always takes a cheerful view of things.

There being no help for it, after seeing the others into theirs, I tumbled into my own litter, and very comfortable I found it. It appeared to be manufactured of cloth woven from grass fibre, which stretched and yielded to every motion of the body, and being bound top and bottom to the bearing-pole, gave a grateful support to the head and neck.

Scarcely had I settled myself when, accompanying their steps with a monotonous song, the bearers started at a swinging trot. For half an hour or so I lay there reflecting on the very remarkable experiences that we were going through, and wondering if any of my eminently respectable fossil friends down at Cambridge would believe me if I were to be miraculously set at the familiar dinner-table for the purpose of relating them. I don't want to convey any disrespectful notion or slight when I call those good and learned men fossils, but my experience is that people are apt to fossilize even at a university if they follow the same paths too persistently. I was getting fossilized myself, but of late my stock of ideas has been very much enlarged. Well, I lay and reflected, and wondered what on earth would be the end of it all, till at last I ceased to wonder and went to sleep.

I suppose I must have slept for seven or eight hours, getting the first real rest that I had had since the night before the loss of the dhow, for when I woke the sun was high in the heavens. We were still journeying on at a pace of about four miles an hour. Peeping out through the mist-like curtains of the litter, which were ingeniously fixed to the bearing-pole, I perceived, to my infinite relief, that we had passed out of the region of eternal swamp, and were now travelling over swelling grassy plains toward a cup-shaped hill. Whether or not it was the same hill that we had seen from the canal I do not know, and have never since been able to discover, for, as we afterward found out, these people will give little information upon such points. Next I glanced at the men who were bearing me. They were of a magnificent build, none of them being under six feet in height, and yellowish in color. Generally their appearance had a good deal in common with that of the East African Somali, but their hair was not frizzed up, and hung in thick black locks upon their shoulders. Their features were aquiline, and in many cases exceedingly handsome, the teeth being especially regular and beautiful. But notwithstanding their beauty, it struck me that, on the whole, I had never seen a more evil-looking set of faces. There was an aspect of cold and sullen cruelty stamped upon them that revolted me, and which in some cases was almost uncanny in its intensity.

Another thing that struck me about them was that they never seemed to smile. Sometimes they sang the monotonous song of which I have spoken, but when they were not singing they remained almost perfectly silent, and the light of a laugh never came to brighten their sombre and evil faces. Of what race could these people be? Their language was a bastard Arabic, and yet they were not Arabs: I was quite sure of that. For one thing, they were too dark, or rather yellow. I could not say why, but I knew that their appearance filled me with a sick fear, of which I felt ashamed. While I was still wondering, another litter came up alongside of mine. In it—for the curtains were drawn—sat an old man clothed in a whitish robe, made apparently from coarse linen, that hung loosely about him, who, I at once jumped to the conclusion, was the shadowy figure that had stood on the bank and been addressed as "Father." He was a wonderful-looking old man, with a snowy beard so long that the ends of it hung over the sides of the litter, and he had a hooked nose, above which flashed out a pair of eyes as keen as a snake's, whilst his whole countenance was instinct with a look of wise and sardonic humor impossible to describe on paper.

"Art thou awake, stranger?" he said, in a deep and low voice.

"Surely, my father," I answered, courteously, feeling certain that I should do well to conciliate this ancient Mammon of Unrighteousness.

He stroked his beautiful white beard and smiled faintly.

"From whatever country thou camest," he said, "and, by-the-way, it must be from one where somewhat of our language is known, they teach their children courtesy there, my stranger son. And now wherefore comest thou unto this land, which scarce an alien foot has pressed from the time that man knoweth? Art thou and those with thee aweary of life?"

"We came to find new things," I answered, boldly. "We are tired of the old things; we have come up out of the sea to know that which is unknown. We are of a brave race who fear not death, my very much respected father—that is, if we can get a little fresh information before we die."

"Humph!" said the old gentleman; "that may be true, it is rash to contradict, otherwise I should say that thou wast lying, my son. However, I dare say that '*She-who-must-be-obeyed*' will meet thy wishes in the matter."

"Who is '*She-who-must-be-obeyed*'?" I asked, curiously.

The old man glanced at the bearers, and then answered, with a little smile that somehow sent my blood to my heart,

"Surely, my stranger son, thou wilt learn soon enough, if it be her pleasure to see thee at all in the flesh."

"In the flesh?" I answered. "What may my father wish to convey?"

But the old man only laughed a dreadful laugh, and made no reply.

"What is the name of my father's people?" I asked.

"The name of my people is Amahagger" (the People of the Rocks).

"And if a son might ask, what is the name of my father?"

"My name is Billali."

"And whither go we, my father?"

"That shalt thou see"; and at a sign from him the bearers started forward at a run till they reached the litter in which Job was reposing (with one leg hanging over the side). Apparently, however, he could not make much out of Job, for presently I saw his bearers trot forward to Leo's litter.

And after that, as nothing fresh occurred, I yielded to the pleasant swaying motion of the litter, and went to sleep again. I was dreadfully tired. When I woke I found that we were passing through a rocky defile of a lava formation with precipitous sides, in which grew many beautiful trees and flowering shrubs.

Presently this defile took a turn, and a lovely sight unfolded itself to my eyes. Before us was a vast cup of green, from four to six miles in extent, shaped like a Roman amphitheatre. The sides of this great cup were rocky, and clothed with bush, but the centre was of the richest meadow-land, studded with single trees of magnificent growth, and watered by meandering streams. On this rich plain grazed herds of goats and cattle, but I saw no sheep. At first I could not imagine what this strange spot could be, but presently it flashed upon me that it must represent the crater of some long-extinct volcano, which had afterward been a lake, and was ultimately drained in some unexplained way. And here I may state that from my subsequent experience of this and a much larger but otherwise similar spot that I shall have occasion to describe by-and-by, I have every reason to believe that this conclusion was correct. What puzzled me, however, was that, although there were people moving about herding the goats and cattle, I saw no signs of any human habitation. Where did they all live, I wondered. My curiosity was destined soon to be gratified. Turning to the left, the string of litters followed the cliffy sides of the crater for a distance of about half a mile, or perhaps a little less, and then halted. Seeing the old gentleman, my adopted "father," Billali, emerge from his litter, I did the same, and so did Leo and Job. The first thing I saw was our wretched Arab companion, Mahomed, lying exhausted on the ground. It appeared that he had not been provided with a litter, but had been forced to run the entire distance, and, as he was already quite worn out when we started, his condition now was one of great prostration.

On looking round we discovered that the place where we had halted was a platform in front of the mouth of a great cave, and piled upon this platform were the entire contents of the whale-boat, even down to the oars and sail. Round the cave stood groups of the men who had escorted us, and other men of a similar stamp. They were all tall and all handsome, though they varied in their degree of darkness of skin, some being as dark as Mahomed, and some as yellow as a Chinee. They were naked, except for the leopard-skin round the waist, and each of them carried a huge spear.

There were also some women among them, who, instead of the leopard-skin, wore a tanned hide of a small red buck, something like the oribé, only rather darker in color. These women were, as a class, exceedingly good-looking, with large dark eyes, well-cut features, and a thick bush of curling hair—not crisped like a negro's—and ranging from black to chestnut in hue, with all shades of intermediate color. Some, but very few of them, wore a yellowish linen garment, such as I have described as worn by Ballali, but this, as we afterward discovered, was a mark of rank rather than an attempt at clothing. For the rest, their appearance was not quite so terrifying as that of the men, and they sometimes, though rarely, smiled. As soon as we had alighted they gathered round us, and examined us with curiosity, but without excitement. Leo's tall, athletic form and clear-cut Grecian face, however, evidently excited their attention, and when he politely lifted his hat to them and showed his curling yellow hair, there was a slight murmur of admiration. Nor did it stop there; for, after regarding him critically from head to foot, the handsomest of the young women—one wearing a robe, and with hair of a shade between brown and chestnut—deliberately advanced to him, and in a way that would have been winning had it not been so determined, quietly put her arm round his neck, bent forward, and kissed him on the lips.

I gave a gasp, expecting to see Leo instantly speared; and Job ejaculated: "The hussy! Well, I never!" As for Leo, he looked slightly astonished; and then remarking that we had got into a country where they clearly followed the customs of the early Christians, deliberately returned the embrace.

Again I gasped, thinking that something would happen; but, to my surprise, though some of the young women showed traces of vexation, the older ones and the men only smiled slightly. When we came to understand the customs of this extraordinary people the mystery was explained. It then appeared that, in direct opposition to the habits of almost every other savage race in the world, women among the Amahagger are not only upon terms of perfect equality with the men, but are not held to them by any binding ties. Descent is traced only through the line of the mother, and while individuals are as proud of a long and superior female ancestry as we are of our families in Europe, they never pay attention to or even acknowledge any man as their father, even when their male parentage is perfectly well known. There is but one titular male parent of each tribe, or, as they call it, "Household," and he is its immediate ruler, with the title of "Father." For instance, the old man Billali was the father of this "household," which consisted of about seven thousand individuals all told, and no other man was ever called by that name. When a woman took a fancy to a man, she signified her preference by advancing and kissing him publicly in the same way that this handsome and exceedingly prompt young lady, who was called Ustane, had done to Leo. If he kissed her back, it was a token that he accepted her, and the arrangement continued till one of them wearied of it.

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[*] Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1554.

VII.

USTANE SINGS.

When the kissing operation was finished—by-the-way, none of the young ladies offered to pet me in this fashion, though I saw one hovering round Job, to that respectable individual's evident alarm—the old man Billali advanced, and graciously waved us into the cave, whither we went, followed by Miss Ustane, who did not seem inclined to take the hints I gave her that we liked privacy.

Before we had gone five paces it struck me that the cave that we were entering was none of nature's handiwork, but, on the contrary, had been hollowed by the hand of man. So far as we could judge, it appeared to be about one hundred feet in length by fifty wide, and very lofty, resembling a cathedral aisle more than anything else. From this main aisle opened passages at a distance of every twelve or fifteen feet, leading, I supposed, to smaller chambers. About fifty feet from the entrance of the cave, just where the light began to get dim, a fire was burning, and threw huge shadows upon the gloomy walls around. Here Billali halted, and asked us to be seated, saying that they would bring us food, and accordingly we squatted ourselves down upon rugs of skins which were spread for us, and waited. Presently the food, consisting of goat's flesh boiled, fresh milk in an earthen-ware pot, and boiled cobs of Indian-corn, was brought by young girls. We were almost starving, and I do not think that I ever in my life before ate with such satisfaction. Indeed, before we had finished, we literally ate up everything that was set before us.

When we had done, our saturnine host, Billali, who had been watching us in perfect silence, rose and addressed us. He said that it was a wonderful thing that had happened. No man had ever known or heard of white strangers arriving in the country of the People of the Rocks. Sometimes, very rarely, black men had come here, and from them they had heard of the existence of men much whiter than themselves, who sailed on the sea in ships, but for the arrival of such there was no precedent. We had, however, been seen dragging the boat up the canal, and he told us frankly that he had at once given orders for our destruction, seeing that it was unlawful for any stranger to enter here, when a message had come from "*She-who-must-be-obeyed*," saying that our lives were to be spared, and that we were to be brought hither.

"Pardon me, my father," I interrupted at this point; "but if, as I understand, '*She-who-must-be-obeyed*' lives yet further off, how could she have known of our approach?"

Billali turned, and seeing that we were alone—for the young lady, Ustane, had withdrawn when he began to speak—said, with a curious little laugh:

"Are there none in your land who can see without eyes and hear without ears? Ask no questions; *She* knew."

I shrugged my shoulders at this, and he proceeded to say that no further instructions had been received on the subject of our disposal, and this being so, he was about to start to interview "*She-who-must-be-obeyed*," generally spoken of, for the sake of brevity, as "Hiya," or *She* simply, who he gave us to understand was the Queen of the Amahagger, and learn her wishes.

I asked him how long he proposed to be away, and he said that by travelling hard he might be back on the fifth day, but there were many miles of marsh to cross before he came to where *She* was. He then said that every arrangement would be made for our comfort during his absence, and that, as he personally had taken a fancy to us, he sincerely trusted that the answer he should bring from *She* would be one favorable to the continuation of our existence, but at the same time he did not wish to conceal from us that he thought this doubtful, as every stranger who had ever come into the country during his grandmother's life, his mother's life, and his own life had been put to death without mercy, and in a way that he would not harrow their feelings by describing; and this had been done by the order of *She* herself—at least he supposed it was by her order. At any rate, she never interfered to save them.

"Why," I said, "but how can that be? You are an old man, and the time you talk of must reach back three men's lives. How, therefore, could *She* have ordered the death of anybody at the beginning of the life of your grandmother, seeing that she herself would not have been born?"

Again he smiled—that same faint, peculiar smile—and with a deep bow departed, without making any answer; nor did we see him again for five days.

When he had gone we discussed the situation, which filled me with alarm. I did not at all like the accounts of this mysterious Queen, "*She-who-must-be-obeyed*," or, more shortly, *She*, who apparently ordered the execution of any unfortunate stranger in a fashion so unmerciful. Leo too was depressed about it, but proceeded to console himself by triumphantly pointing out that this *She* was undoubtedly the person referred to in the writing on the potsherd and in his father's letter, in proof of which he advanced Billali's allusions to her age and power. I was by this time so overwhelmed with the whole course of events that I had not even got the heart left to dispute a proposition so absurd; so I proposed that we should try and go out and get a bath, of which we stood sadly in need.

Accordingly, having indicated our wish to a middle-aged individual of an unusually saturnine cast of countenance, even among the saturnine people who appeared to be deputed to look after us now that the Father of the hamlet had departed, we started in a body—having first lit our pipes. Outside the cave we found quite a crowd of people, evidently watching for our appearance, but when they saw us come out smoking they vanished this way and that, calling out that we were great magicians. Indeed, nothing about us created so great a sensation as our tobacco smoke—not even our fire-arms. After this we succeeded in reaching a stream and taking our bath in peace, though some of the women, not excepting Ustane, showed a decided inclination to follow us even there.

By the time we had finished this most refreshing bath the sun was setting; indeed, when we got back to the big cave, it had already set. The cave itself was full of people gathered round fires—for several more had now been lighted—and eating their evening meal by the lurid light, and by that of various lamps which were set about or hung up on the walls. These lamps were of a rude manufacture of baked earthen-ware, and of all shapes, some of them graceful enough. The larger ones were formed of big red earthen-ware pots, filled with clarified melted fat, and having a reed wick stuck through a wooden disk which filled the top of the pot, and this sort of lamp required the most constant attention to prevent its going out whenever the wick burnt down, as there were no means of turning it up. The smaller hand-lamps, however, which were also made of baked clay, had a wick manufactured from the pith of a palm-tree, or sometimes from the stem of a very handsome variety of fern. This wick came up through a round hole at the end of the lamp, to which a sharp piece of hard wood was attached to pierce and draw it up with whenever it showed signs of burning low.

For a while we sat down and watched this grim people eating their evening meal in silence as grim as themselves, till at length, getting tired of contemplating them and the huge moving shadows on the rocky walls, I suggested to our new keeper that we should like to go to bed.

Without a word he rose, and taking me politely by the hand, advanced with a lamp to one of the small passages that I had noticed opening out of the central cave. This we followed for about five paces, when it suddenly widened out into a small chamber, about eight feet square, and hewn out of the living rock. On one side of this chamber was a stone slab, about three feet from the ground, and running its entire length, like a bunk in a cabin, and on this he indicated I was to sleep. There was no window or air-hole to the chamber, and no furniture, and on looking at it more closely I came to the disturbing conclusion (in which, as I afterward discovered, I was quite right) that it had originally served for a sepulchre for the dead rather than a sleeping-place for the living, the slab being designed to receive the corpse of the departed. The thought made me shudder in spite of myself; but seeing that I must sleep somewhere, I got over the feeling as best I might, and returned to the cavern to get my blanket, which had been brought up from the boat with the other things. There I met Job, who, having been inducted to a similar apartment, had flatly declined to sleep in it, saying that the look of the place gave him the horrors, and that he might as well be dead and buried in his grandfather's brick grave at once, and expressed his determination of sleeping with me if I would allow him, which, of course, I was only too glad to do.

The night passed very comfortably on the whole. I say on the whole, for personally I went through a most horrible nightmare of being buried alive, induced, no doubt, by the sepulchral nature of my surroundings. At dawn we were aroused by a loud trumpeting sound, produced, as we afterward discovered, by a young Amahagger blowing through a hole bored in its side into a hollowed elephant tusk, which was kept for the purpose.

Taking the hint, we got up, and went down to the stream to wash, after which the morning meal was served. At breakfast one of the women, no longer quite young, advanced and publicly kissed Job. He sprang to his feet, and pushed the woman, a buxom party of about thirty, from him.

"Well, I never!" he gasped; whereupon she embraced him again.

"Be off with you! Get away, you minx!" he shouted, waving the wooden spoon with which he was eating his breakfast up and down before the lady's face. "Beg your pardon, gentlemen. I am sure I haven't encouraged her. Oh Lord! she's coming for me again. Hold her, Mr. Holly; please hold her! I can't stand it; I can't indeed. This has never happened to me before, gentlemen, never! There's nothing against my character;" and here he broke off, and ran as hard as he could go down the cave; and for once I saw the Amahagger laugh. As for the woman, however, she did not laugh. On the contrary, she seemed to bristle with fury, which the mockery of the other women about only served to intensify. She stood there literally snarling and shaking with indignation; and seeing her, I wished Job's scruples had been at Jericho—forming a shrewd guess that his admirable behavior had endangered our throats. Nor, as the sequel shows, was I wrong.

The lady having retreated, Job returned in a great state of nervousness, and keeping his weather eye fixed upon every woman who came near him. I took an opportunity to explain to our hosts that Job was a married man, and had had very unhappy experiences in his domestic relations, which accounted for his presence here, and his terror at the sight of women; but my remarks were received in grim silence, it being evident that our retainer's behavior was considered as a slight to the "household" at large, although the women, after the manner of their more civilized sisters, made merry at the rebuff of their companion.

At first we were much puzzled as to the origin and constitution of this extraordinary race, points upon which they were singularly uncommunicative. As the time went on—for the next four days passed without any striking event—we learnt something from Leo's lady-friend Ustane, who, by-the-way, stuck to that young gentleman like his own shadow. As to origin, they had none, at least so far as she was aware. There were, however, she informed us, mounds of masonry and many pillars near the place where *She* lived, which was called Kôr, and which the wise said had once been houses wherein men lived, and it was suggested that they were descended from these men. No one, however, dared go near these great ruins, because they were haunted: they only looked on them from a distance. Other similar ruins were to be seen, she had heard, in various parts of the country, that is, wherever one of the mountains rose above the level of the swamp. Also the caves in which they lived had been hollowed out of the rocks by men, perhaps the same who built the cities. They themselves had no written laws, only custom, which was, however, quite as binding as law. If any man offended against the custom, he was put to death by order of the Father of the "Household." I asked how he was put to death, and she only smiled, and said that I might see one day soon.

They had a Queen, however. *She* was their Queen, but she was very rarely seen, perhaps once in two or three years, when she came forth to pass sentence on some offenders, and when seen was muffled up in a big cloak, so that nobody could look upon her face. Those who waited upon her were deaf and dumb, and therefore could tell no tales, but it was reported that she was lovely as no other woman was lovely, or ever had been. It was rumored also that she was immortal, and had power over all things, but she, Ustane, could say nothing of all that. What she believed was that the Queen chose a husband from time to time, and as soon as a female child was born, this husband, who was never again seen, was put to death. Then the female child grew up, and took the place of the Queen when its mother died and had been buried in the great caves. But of these matters none could speak for certain. Only *She* was obeyed throughout the length and breadth of the land, and to question her command was certain death. She kept a guard, but had no regular army, and to disobey her was to die.

I asked what the land was, and how many people lived in it. She answered that there were ten "Households" like this that she knew of, including the big "Household," where the Queen was; that all the "Households" lived in caves, in places like this stretch of raised country, dotted about in a vast extent of swamp, which was only to be threaded by secret paths. Often the "Households" made war on each other until *She* sent word that it was to stop, and then they instantly ceased. That and the fever which they caught in crossing the swamps was what kept their numbers from increasing too much. They had no connection with any other race; indeed, none lived near them, or were able to thread the vast swamps. Once an army from the direction of the great river (presumably the Zambesi) had attempted to attack them, but they got lost in the marshes, and at night, seeing the great balls of fire that move about there, tried to come to them, thinking that it was the enemy's camp, and half of them were drowned. As for the rest, they soon died of fever and starvation, not a blow being struck at them. The marshes, she told us, were absolutely impassable except to those who knew the paths, adding, what I could well believe, that we should never have reached this place where we then were had we not been brought there.

These and many other things we learnt from Ustane during the four days' pause before our real adventures began, and, as may be imagined, they gave us considerable cause for thought. The whole thing was exceedingly remarkable, almost incredibly, so indeed, and the oddest part of it was that so far it did more or less correspond to the ancient writing on the sherd. And now it appeared that there was a mysterious Queen clothed by rumor with awful and wonderful attributes, and commonly known by the impersonal but to my mind rather awesome title of *She*. Altogether, I could not make it out, nor could Leo, though of course he was exceedingly triumphant over me because I had persistently mocked at the whole thing. As for Job, he had long since abandoned any attempt to call his reason his own, and left it to drift upon the sea of circumstance. Mahomed, the Arab, who was, by-the-way, treated civilly, indeed, but with chilling contempt, by the Amahagger, was, I discovered, in a great fright, though I could not quite make out what he was frightened about. He would sit crouched up in a corner of the cave all day long, calling upon Allah and the Prophet to protect him. When I pressed him about it, he said that he was afraid because these people were not men and women at all, but devils, and that this was an enchanted land; and, upon my word, once or twice since then I have been inclined to agree with him. And so the time went on till the night of the fourth day after Billali had left, when something happened.

We three and Ustane were sitting round the fire in the cave just before bedtime, when suddenly the woman, who had been brooding in silence, rose, and laid her hands upon Leo's golden curls and addressed him. Even now when I shut my eyes I can see her proud imperial form, clothed alternately in dense shadow and the red flickering of the fire, as she stood, the wild centre of as weird a scene as I ever witnessed, and delivered herself of the burden of her thoughts and forebodings in a kind of rhythmical speech that ran something as follows:

"Thou art my chosen—I have waited for thee from the beginning!
Thou art very beautiful. Who hath hair like unto thee, or skin so white?
Who hath so strong an arm? who is so much a man?
Thine eyes are the sky, and the light in them is the stars.
Thou art perfect and of a happy face, and my heart turned itself toward thee.
Ay, when mine eyes fell on thee, I did desire thee—
Then did I take thee to me—thou, my Beloved,
And hold thee fast, lest harm should come unto thee.
Ay, I did cover thine head with mine hair, lest the sun should strike it;
And altogether was I thine, and thou wast altogether mine.
And so it went for a little space, till Time was in labor with an evil Day;
And then what befell upon that day? Alas! my Beloved, I know not!
But I, I saw thee no more—I, I was lost in the blackness.
And she who is stronger did take thee; ay, she who is fairer than Ustane.
Yet didst thou turn and call upon me, and let thine eyes wander in the darkness.
But, nevertheless, she prevailed by Beauty, and led thee down horrible places;
And then, ah! then, my Beloved—"

Here this extraordinary woman broke off her speech, or chant, which was so much musical gibberish to us, for all we understood of what she was driving at, and seemed to fix her flashing eyes upon the deep shadow before here. All in a moment they acquired a vacant, terrified stare, as though they were trying to realize some half-seen horror. She lifted her hand from Leo's head, and pointed into the darkness. We all looked, and could see nothing; but she saw something, or thought she did, and something evidently that affected even her iron nerves, for, without another sound, down she fell senseless between us.

Leo, who was growing really attached to this remarkable young person, was in a great state of alarm and distress, and I, to be perfectly candid, was in a condition not far removed from superstitious fear. The whole scene was an uncanny one.

Presently, however, she recovered, and sat up with an extraordinary convulsive shudder.

"What didst thou mean, Ustane?" asked Leo, who, thanks to years of tuition, spoke Arabic very prettily.

"Nay, my chosen," she answered, with a little forced laugh; "I did but sing unto thee after the fashion of my people. Surely I meant nothing. How could I speak of that which is not yet?"

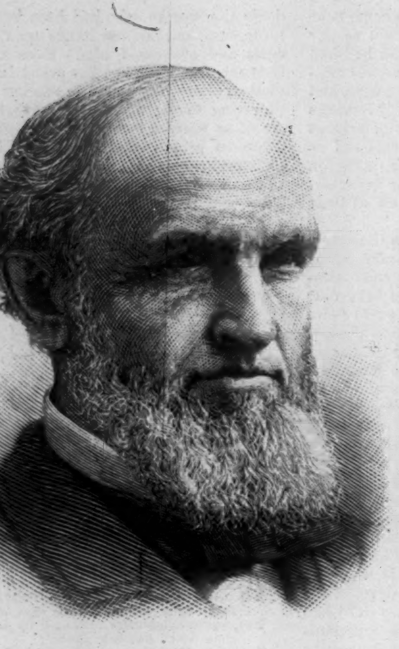
"And what didst thou see, Ustane?" I asked, looking her sharply in the face.

"Nay," she answered again; "I saw naught. Ask me not what I saw. Why should I fright ye?" And then turning to Leo with a look of the most utter tenderness that I ever saw upon the face of woman, civilized or savage, she took his head between her hands, and kissed him on the forehead as a mother might. "When I am gone from thee, my chosen; when at night thou stretchest out thine hand and canst not find me, then shouldst thou think at times of me, for of a truth I love thee well, though I be not fit to wash thy feet. And now let us love and take that which is given us, and be happy, for in the grave there is no love and no warmth, nor any touching of the lips. Nothing perchance, or perchance but bitter memories of what might have been. To-night the hours are our own; how know we to whom they shall belong to-morrow?"

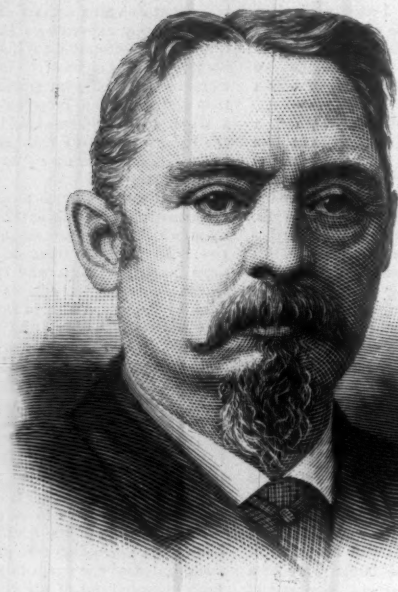
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOME OF THE MOONSHINERS.

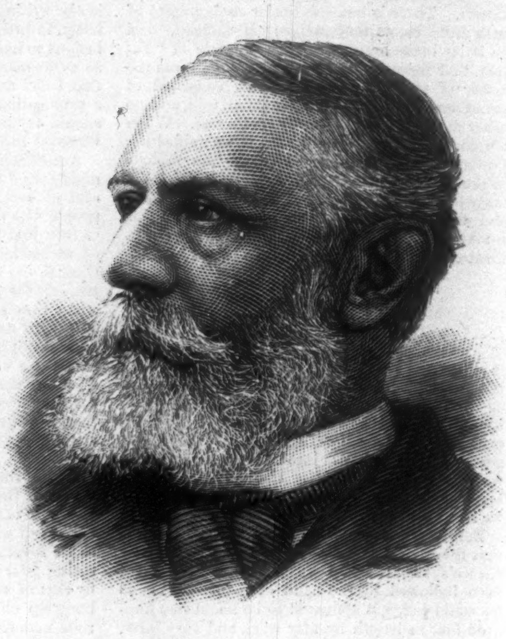
Considering the extremely romantic character of their surroundings, and the highly poetical and melodious appellation which has been bestowed upon them, one in ignorance of their calling would hardly imagine that the "moonshiners" of the South are, after all, only illicit distillers of wretched spirits. The home of one of these "moonshiners," which is illustrated in this issue, could, by the aid of a little imagination, be converted into the inaccessible stronghold of some romantic bandit of maiden-stealing proclivities. The moonshining district lies in the mountains of Georgia, Tennessee, and western North Carolina. It is a region more picturesque than will be found anywhere else in the whole South, and it is inhabited by a strange class of rough, ignorant, and peculiarly superstitious people. As a matter of fact, the business of the moonshiners is at the present time rapidly dying out, save in a few of the most remote and inaccessible localities. Strangely enough, the wave of prohibitory sentiment which has of late swept throughout the South, becoming a mighty issue in the politics of several States, has seemed to find its way even into the mountains, with a salutary effect upon a class of people who would have been supposed to be invulnerable to good influences of any kind. Then, too, the Revenue Department has of late been especially active in the pursuit of illicit distillers. Of course as long as that amber fluid made from corn, which the moonshiners call whiskey, is regarded as palatable, illicit stills will run by night in the Smoky Mountains of Tennessee and North Carolina; but the heyday of the moonshiners has passed. The scene of the illustration is taken from a point in the Great Smoky range, in which magnificent mountain chain there are no gaps that fall below the level of five thousand feet.



SENATOR AUSTIN F. PIKE.
Photographed by C. M. Bell.



GENERAL JOHN M. CORSE.
Photographed by Pach Brothers.—[See Page 690.]



BRIGADIER-GENERAL O. B. WILLCOX.
[See Page 690.]

CANDIDATES FOR MAYOR.

Theodore Roosevelt, the Republican candidate for Mayor of New York, is a native of the city, and a member of the well-known and wealthy family of **Roosevelts**, and is only twenty-eight years of age. He is a graduate of Harvard College of the class of 1880, and studied law after graduating. He took an immediate interest in politics, and joined the Republican association of his district, and in the fall of 1881 was chosen as a member of the State Assembly. During the session of 1882, though his party was in the minority in the Legislature, he took an active part in the proceedings, and became well known for his energetic opposition to all corrupt schemes, of which many were proposed. He also led an unsuccessful effort to secure the impeachment of Judge **Westbrook**, of the Supreme Court, for alleged malfeasance in office. He was re-elected to the Assembly of 1883, when the Democrats had a large majority, and became the recognized leader of the minority. He made an effective opposition to many partisan and otherwise objectionable measures, and was largely instrumental in carrying through the State Civil Service Law and an act for the regulation of primary elections.

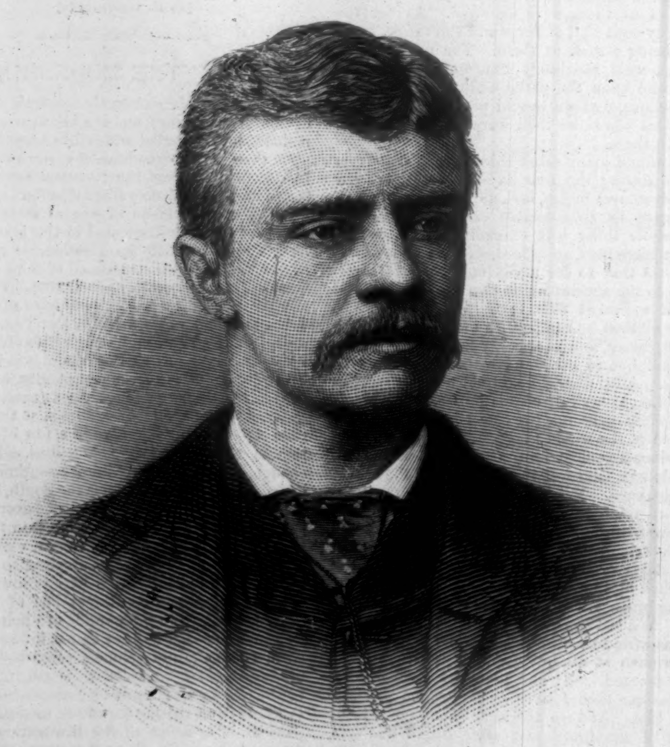
It was in 1884, when the Republicans had regained control of both branches of the Legislature, that Mr. **Roosevelt** found opportunity for the exercise of his peerless qualities as a legislator, and for turning to advantage the experience he had acquired. He was a candidate for Speaker of the Assembly, but being defeated in the caucus by **Titus Sheard**, of Herkimer County, was by him made chairman of the Committee on Cities, the position most acceptable to himself. He at once proposed an investigation by his committee of the management of the various departments of the city government of New York. The result was a series of reform measures, only a part of which were adopted. Among the latter were acts abolishing the fees of the County Clerk and Register, and providing for their payment by salaries, and curtailing abuses in the Sheriff's and Surrogate's offices. Not the least benefit of the investigation was the thorough exposures made in the committee's report. Mr. **Roosevelt** personally introduced and secured the passage of the far-reaching measure which deprived the Aldermen of the power to confirm appointments to office, and centred in the Mayor the responsibility for the administration of municipal affairs.

In the preliminary canvass of 1884, Mr. **Roosevelt** took an active part in national politics, securing the selection of delegates at large by the New York Convention favorable to the nomination of Senator **Edmunds** for President. He himself headed the delegation to the National Convention, and was an outspoken opponent of the candidacy of Mr. **Blaine**. After the nomination had been made, however, he did not continue the opposition. For the last two years Mr. **Roosevelt** has been out of public life, and has not taken a conspicuous part in politics, though he has retained an influential position in the Republican organization of the city, especially in his own district.

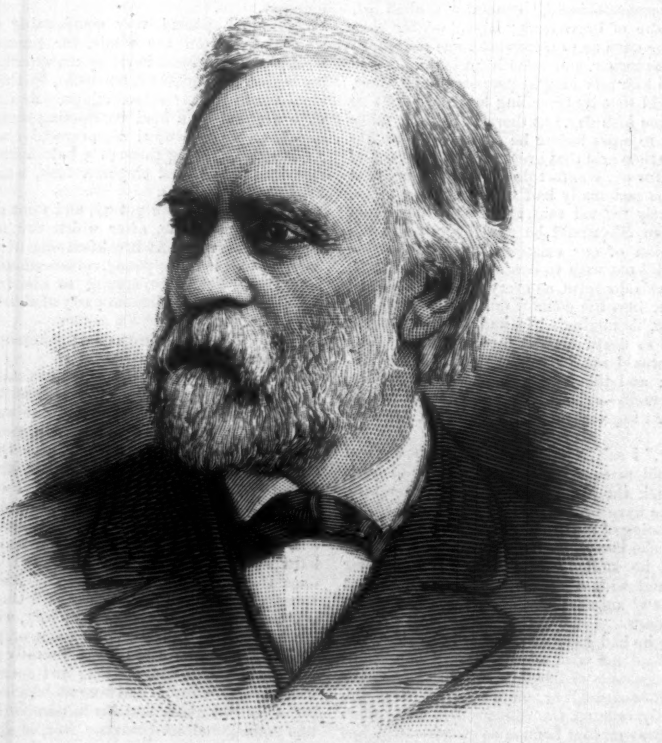
Abram S. Hewitt, the Democratic candidate for Mayor of New York, was born in the town of Haverstraw, on the Hudson River, on the 31st of July, 1822. He entered Columbia College at the age of sixteen, having obtained a scholarship by competition, and was graduated in the class of 1842. He was a tutor in mathematics for a time in the college, and studied law. He became a private tutor in the family of **Peter Cooper**, and travelled abroad with the son of that well-known philanthropist, and subsequently married his daughter. He was admitted to the bar in 1845, but gave up the practice of law, on account of trouble with his eyes, and went into business with his father-in-law. He was associated with him in the manufacture of glue, and also in the iron business. In connection with his brother-in-law, Mr. **Edward Cooper**, he established extensive iron and steel works in New Jersey and Pennsylvania, and for many years was actively engaged in business. In 1862 he went to England to learn the process of making gun-barrel iron, and in 1867 he was a Commissioner to the Paris Exposition. In 1869 he was actively engaged with Mr. **Peter Cooper** in organizing the Cooper Union for the Advancement of Science and Art, and has ever since been interested in the promotion of its educational work. He first entered politics as a member of the Tammany Society, and was at one time chairman of the Democratic National Committee. He was first elected to Congress in 1874, and was re-elected in 1876. He strongly espoused the cause of Mr. **Tilden** in the latter year, and took a prominent part in the electoral controversy which followed the national election. Not agreeing with Mr. **John Kelly**, the Tammany leader, he left that organization, and was associated for a time with that known as Irving Hall. Subsequently he took part in the organization of the County Democracy. He was not elected to the Forty-sixth Congress, but in 1880 became a candidate again, and has served continuously ever since, having the support of both the Democratic factions in his district. In Congress Mr. **Hewitt** has specially distinguished himself as a consistent advocate of a sound currency and of reform in the tariff and the shipping laws. He has been especially strenuous in favor of freeing raw materials used in our manufactures from the burden of duties, and reforming the administrative features of the tariff laws. He was last year presented in the New York State Convention by the County Democracy as their candidate for Governor in opposition to Mr. **Hill**. His nomination for Mayor came to him unexpectedly from the Tammany Convention, and was ratified by the County Democracy, with the alleged understanding on his part that he should be under no pledges to either organization, and that the remainder of the ticket should be satisfactory to him. Just before his nomination he had expressed his consent to be a candidate for Congress again, notwithstanding his anxiety to retire on account of the state of his health.

SENATOR AUSTIN F. PIKE.

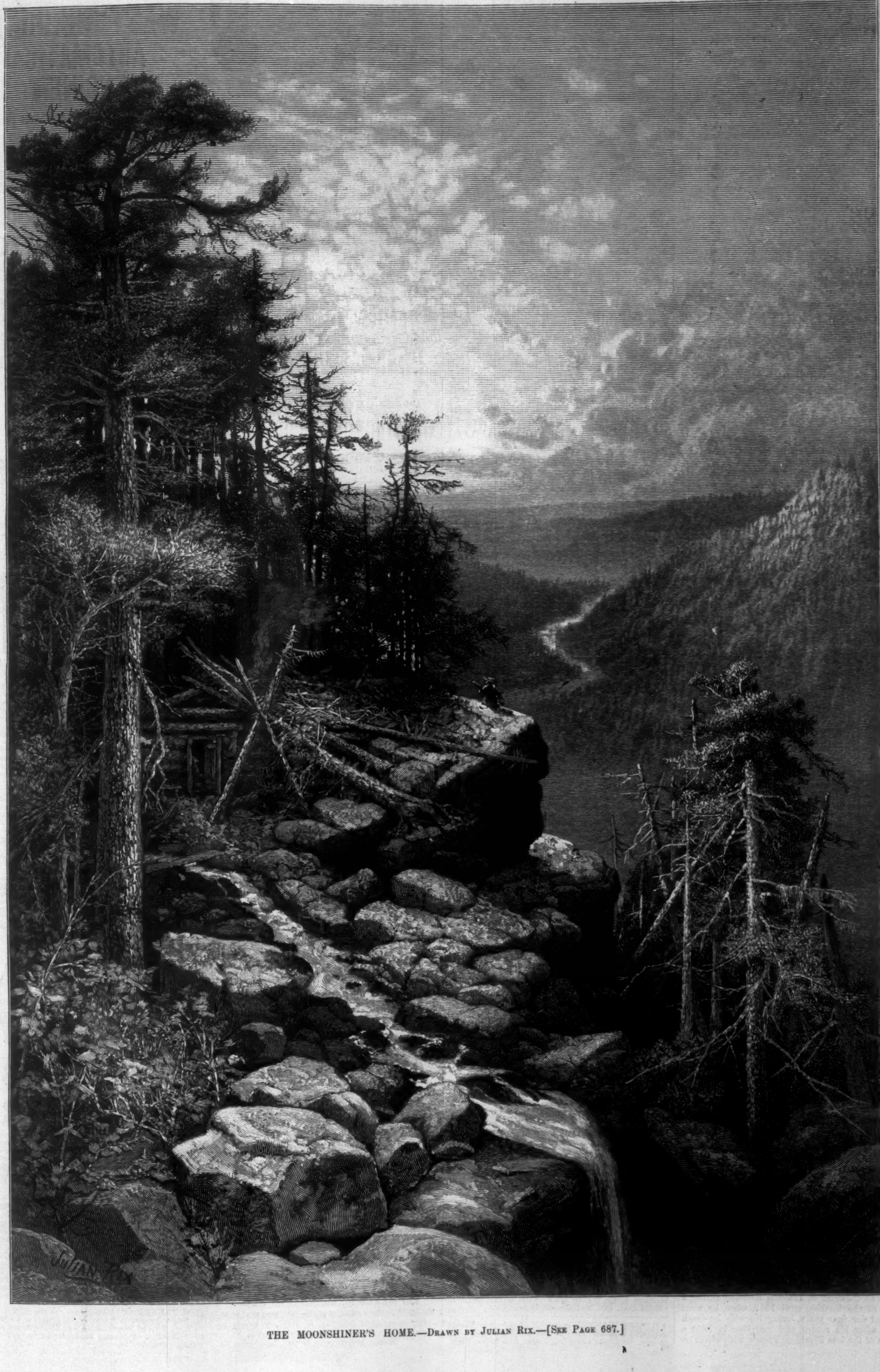
United States Senator **Austin F. Pike**, of New Hampshire, who died suddenly at his farm near Franklin Falls on October 8, within a few days of his sixty-seventh birthday, was born in Hebron, New Hampshire, and received his early education in his native town. He received private tuition in law from **George W. Nesmith**, in Franklin, and made that town his home. He received a good practice at an early age, and five years after his admission to the bar he began his political career by a successful candidacy for the Lower Branch of the Legislature in 1850. He was re-elected the two following years; in 1857 and 1858 he was a member of the State Senate, and its presiding officer during the latter year; and in 1865 and 1866, having again become a member of the Lower House, he was elected Speaker. Mr. **Pike** was a delegate to the first National Republican Convention, in 1856, and from that time till his death he was a stanch member of the Republican party. In 1872 he was elected to Congress, and served one term. For many years thereafter he gave his whole attention to his profession, and he became one of the most prominent lawyers in his State. In 1883 the long contest for the United States Senatorship in the New Hampshire Legislature—which continued during more than a month's balloting—between Mr. **Rollins**, Republican, and Mr. **Bingham**, Democrat, ended in the election of Mr. **Pike**. His term would not have expired till 1889, and his death makes an unexpected vacancy on the Republican side of the Senate. Mr. **Pike**'s periods of service in Congress were both too short to enable him to become prominent; but his qualities, which were eminently of the "working" kind, made him a useful member while he was in the House and during his brief period in the Senate.



THEODORE ROOSEVELT, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR MAYOR OF NEW YORK.
Photographed by Notman, Albany.



ABRAM S. HEWITT, DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR MAYOR OF NEW YORK.
Photographed by A. Bogardus.



THE MOONSHINER'S HOME.—Drawn by Julian Rix.—[See Page 687.]

GENERAL WILLCOX.

On the 13th of October the President appointed General **Orlando B. Willcox**, commanding the Twelfth Infantry, to be Brigadier-General, in place of General **Joseph H. Potter**, retired the day before. General **Willcox** has been ordered to Fort Leavenworth, to command the Department of the Missouri.

Born in Detroit April 16, 1823, General **Willcox** graduated from West Point in 1847, eighth in his class, and as Second Lieutenant, Fourth Artillery, immediately took part in the war with Mexico. Ten years of frontier and garrison service followed, including the **Anthony Burns** riot of 1854 in Boston, and the **Billy Bowlegs** Florida war, and then, at the close of 1857, Lieutenant **Willcox** resigned, and began the study and practice of law at Detroit, where he was admitted to the bar in 1858. Three years later the civil war broke out, and he set out for Washington as Colonel, commanding Michigan's first regiment. In May, 1861, he was engaged in the capture of Alexandria and of Fairfax Court House. At Bull Run he commanded a brigade, and in the extreme advance was severely wounded while in the saddle, and was captured. He was held thirteen months in close confinement in the prisons of Richmond, Charleston, and Columbia, a part of the time as hostage for privateersmen. Immediately on his exchange, in August, 1862, he received a lucrative offer to write an account of his prison experience, but declined it in order to hurry into the field. Appointed a Brigadier-General of Volunteers, to rank from July 21, 1861, he received command of a division of the Ninth Corps, with which he performed noteworthy service at South Mountain and Antietam. He took part in **Burnside**'s Fredericksburg campaign, and moved with the corps to Kentucky in 1863, after having had temporary command of it in Virginia. Throughout the year he held important district commands at the West, and took part in several combats, including the one at Blue Springs.

From the opening of **Grant**'s Virginia campaign in May, 1864, to its close, General **Willcox** commanded a division of the Ninth Corps, rendering distinguished services, particularly in the battles around Spottsylvania and Petersburg. In the actions on the Tolopotomoy, at Bethesda Church, at the first attack on Petersburg, at the Mine, on the Weldon Railroad, at Pegram Farm, at the Gurley House, at Fort Steadman, and in the final assault on Petersburg, General **Willcox** was conspicuous. He entered Petersburg on the eventful morning of April 3, and the flag of the First Michigan Sharp-shooters floated from the court-house, it is said, by half past four. General **Willcox** was brevetted Major-General of Volunteers for distinguished and gallant services in this campaign, and in 1866 was made Colonel of the Twenty-ninth Infantry in the regular army. He then received two additional brevets, those of Brigadier and Major General in the army, for gallant and meritorious services at Spottsylvania and at the capture of Petersburg respectively.

During the last twenty years General **Willcox**, transferred to the command of the Twelfth Infantry, has had various important duties to perform, particularly in Arizona. He was the ranking colonel of the army at the time of his recent promotion, and is one of its oldest active officers, retiring for age next April.

THE NEW POSTMASTER AT BOSTON.

The postmastership at Boston is a desirable office to hold, not because it is particularly remunerative in emoluments, but because the incumbent has it in his power to win himself much repute as an administrative officer and an efficient public servant.

General **Corse**, the new Postmaster, is a Democrat, but he belongs to that class who, like the late Colonel **Greene**, of the Boston *Post*, always put patriotism first and party second, and who have a war record of which, in its unqualified frankness and courage, any Republican might be proud. He comes of sound stock, tracing his line back to a Huguenot ancestry, whose first representatives in this country immigrated to Virginia about a century ago. He was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, April 27, 1835. His early education was in the municipal schools of St. Louis and Burlington, Iowa, and in due course of time he became a cadet at West Point in 1853. He was regularly and creditably graduated in 1857, but resigned his appointment, and entered the Albany Law School. As soon as he went home he impressed men favorably, and in 1860 was nominated for Lieutenant-Governor of Iowa, with **Stephen A. Douglas** heading the ticket. In 1861 he was Major of the Sixth Iowa Infantry, serving under **Fremont**, and he was then joined to General **John Pope**'s staff as Judge-Advocate-General and Inspector-General. But after the campaigns of Island No. 10 and Shiloh he wanted active service, and went back to his regiment.

He was brave and efficient, and got promotion, commanding the Fourth Division of the Fifteenth Corps at Memphis. He was severely wounded at Missionary Ridge, but after three months of hospital went back to duty, serving in **Sherman**'s Atlanta campaign, and being appointed to command the Second Division of the Sixteenth Corps. He was brevetted Major-General for Allatoona, and after this campaign was assigned to the Department of the Northwest. After the war he declined a Lieutenant-Colonelcy of Regulars, and went into railroading in Chicago, also serving there as Collector of Internal Revenue during a part of the interim, until 1869, when he went abroad for four years, losing his wife by death soon after his return, and marrying in 1882 a niece of the late President **Pierce**, with whom he settled in Winchester. He has been prominent in Massachusetts Democracy as chairman of the State Executive Committee, and as sturdily opposed to the demagogism of General **B. F. Butler**. His nomination has been received with favor in Boston by men of all parties, and fine discipline and prompt, intelligent service are considered as certain during his term.

THE VILLAGE PEST.

The village pest is a common character. Perhaps the name "pest" is rather too strong a one for the individual in question, though undoubtedly there are a great many persons who would not think so. Villagers who own fruit orchards or watermelon patches in the North are apt to consider that the entire lot of healthy and adventurous boys are pests, which is an idea quite beyond reason, of course. The village pest, or in other words the boy who makes the village lively, is of no particular race or complexion. He is oftener white than black, and always of a sanguine temperament and a stirring, enterprising disposition. Mr. **Frost**'s admirably humorous picture presents a locality which the most careless observer will understand is south of **Mason** and **Dixon**'s line, and his so-called pest is a person of color. This time it is the chicken-roost instead of the orchard or the melon patch which has suffered by somebody's activity. It is beyond question that there has been here a direption of chickens, but one cannot help feeling that justice in this case is groping in a wrong direction, and that the abstracted fowls have no connection with the accused boy. This, plainly, is the view of the boy's mother, who is stating her convictions to the magistrate. The prisoner's innocence seems herein almost to be established, for, it may be asked, who better than a mother is fitted to answer for her own child? There can be little doubt that the case will be dismissed.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

WELL PLEASED.

Dr. C. Roberts, Winchester, Ill., says: "I have used it with entire satisfaction in cases of debility from age or overwork, and in inebriates and dyspeptics, and am well pleased with its effects."—[*Adv.*]

A HARD FATE

It is indeed, to always remain in poverty and obscurity; be enterprising, reader, and avoid this. No matter in what part you are located, you should write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full particulars about work that you can do and live at home, at a profit of at least $5 to $25 and upwards daily. Some have earned over $50 in a day. All is new. Capital not required. You are started free. Either sex. All ages. Better not delay.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

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The Hickok Calcium Burner, which had a large sale last season, has been vastly improved, and is now considered the best burner for kerosene oil ever invented.—[*Adv.*]

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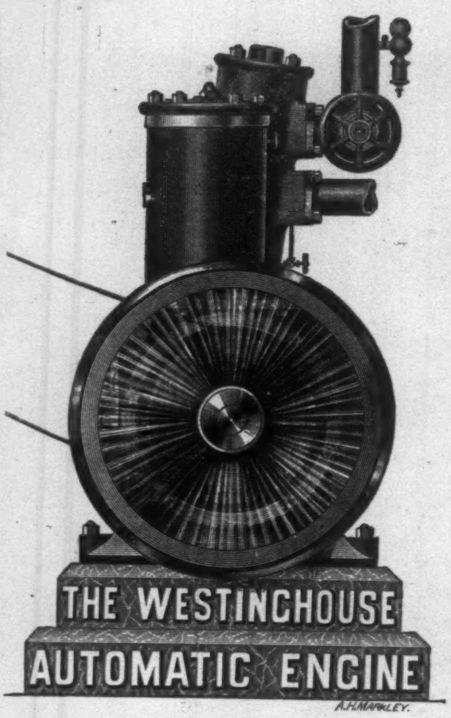

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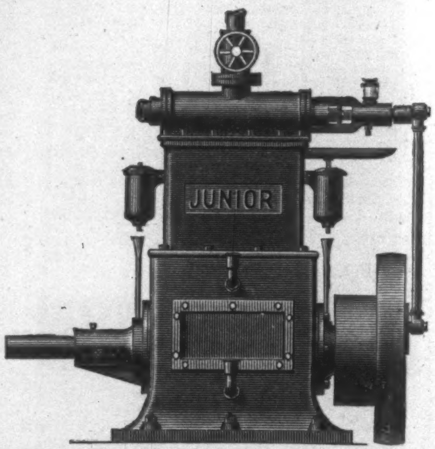

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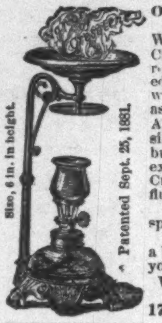
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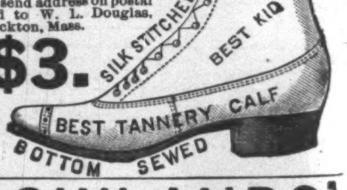

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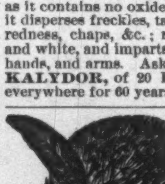

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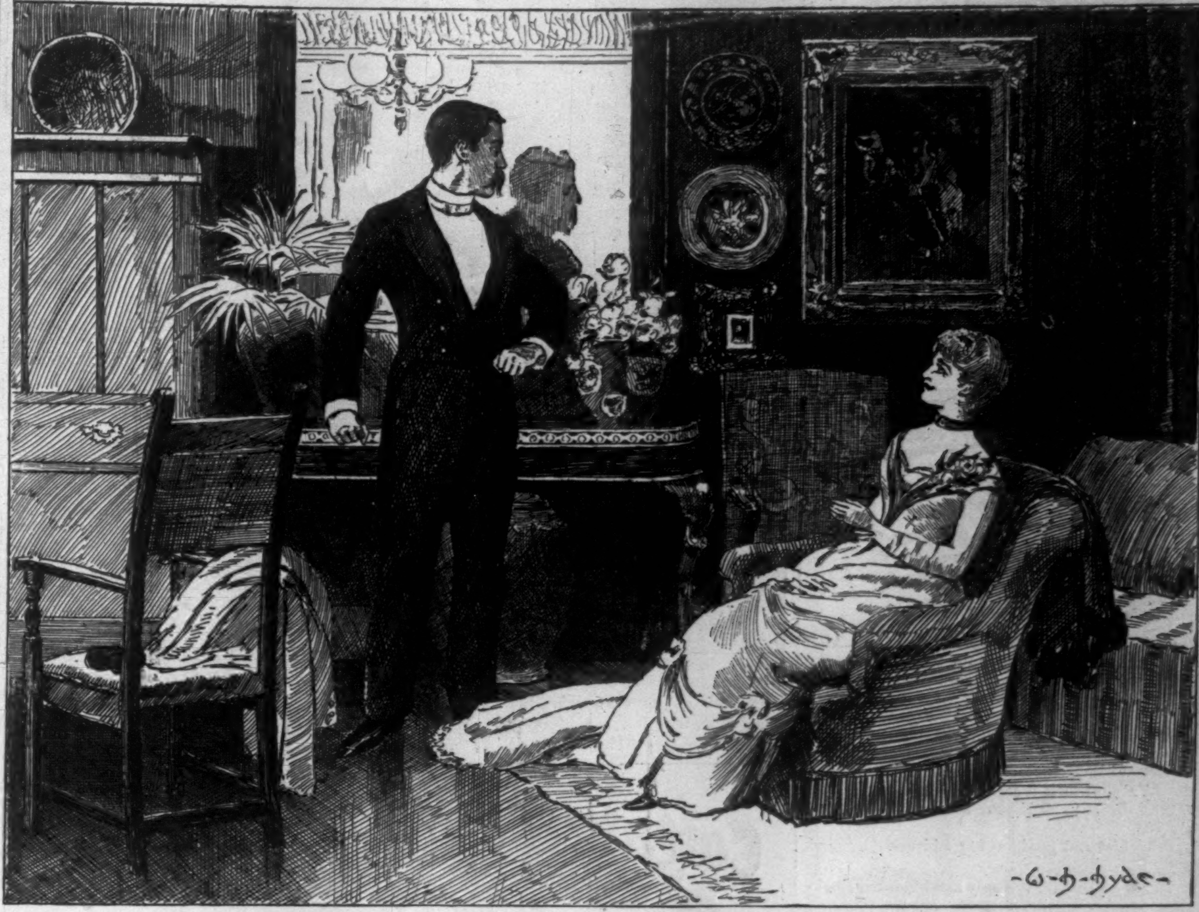

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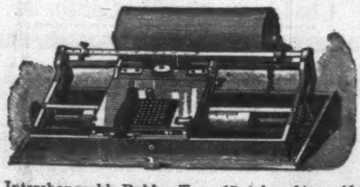

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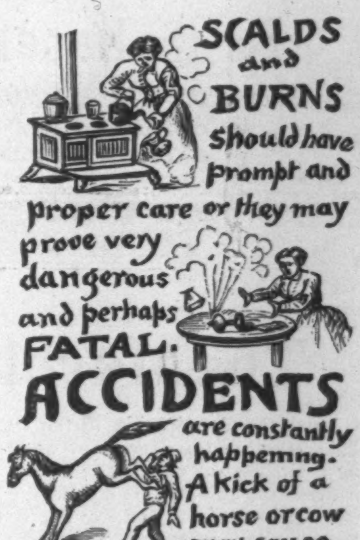

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